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An Irish Quarterly Review

DECEMBER 1921

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MATTHIAS ERZBERGER.

BY JOHN RYAN, M.A.

WITH the murder of Matthias Erzberger at Griesbach, in the Black Forest, on August 26th, one of the most remarkable careers in modern political history came to a sudden and tragic end. He had been in public life for just eighteen years, and during that period had managed to entangle himself in, and extricate himself from, more difficulties than would have been thought possible for any man. At a critical period of the war he was the virtual dictator of Germany. To a large section of his people he was one of the great political figures of the age, a statesman of knowledge and power, the only patriot, perhaps, to whom the fortunes of the country could safely be entrusted. To the rest he was a low, scheming scoundrel—shallow, unscrupulous, greedy for money, ready to sell the Fatherland itself for the meanest personal gain. In extraordinary fashion the German people divided itself into two camps in adjudging his character. There were only friends and enemies ; there were no neutrals. Which section was right, or how far each section was right, can hardly be known before the Judgment Day. For that reason nothing in the nature of a final decision shall be attempted in this article. Rather shall the facts of his life and their interpretation by the opposing parties be chronicled, and the reader left to draw his own conclusions.

Matthias Erzberger was born on September 20, 1875, in the remote village of Buttenhausen, in Würtemberg. His father was teacher in the local primary school. Matthias, in due course, began his education in the village. When the time came to leave the primary school he determined to follow in his father's footsteps and become a school teacher. For that purpose he spent two years in a training college, whence he emerged a fully fledged teacher at the age of nineteen. He found occupation at once, and taught for two years. Then he abandoned the profession and betook himself to Fribourg, in Switzerland, where he had himself inscribed on the student-roll of the University. The subjects selected were law and economics. He attended lectures for a while with edifying regularity, but soon became engrossed in journalism and politics, and consequently found it impossible to pursue a regular course of study. The final outcome, like so much else in his stormy life, is hotly disputed. Nobody can deny that the extent of his knowledge became in time phenomenal; still his enemies could reproach him to the end with being but half-educated. Certain it is that he never found time to weave the manifold threads of his knowledge into one harmonious pattern. He never came to enjoy what we are accustomed to call a finished education.

Henceforth, until 1908, we find him in Stuttgart, pursuing his course as political writer and editor with fevered zeal. The turn in his life came in 1903, when he was elected to the Reichstag as a member of the Centre Party for a Würtemberg constituency. This he continued to represent till his death. In 1908 he removed his home permanently to Berlin, and took up the editorship of some official publications for the Centre Party.

In the Reichstag his extraordinary talents brought him to the front at once. His energy was such that friends and enemies alike compared him to an active volcano. There was no rest for anybody in his neighbourhood. Unlimited diversity of interest, an abnormal power of

rapidly grasping a situation in all its aspects, combined with remarkable fluency and facility in expression had made him a successful journalist; they made him now a parliamentarian of the first rank. He was quick and certain in his decisions, sure that his judgment was right, fearless in facing difficulties, and confident in the ultimate success of all his plans. A certain boyish optimism accompanied him through life. His nerves were highly strung and could only be kept in order by ceaseless work, and work they got day and night for years without a respite. His brain as a rule seemed to bubble with ideas, and he had a giant memory. Added to all was a magnificent bodily health, which no excess of mental effort could shake.

He won his spurs as a speaker in the Reichstag in an attack on the Government's colonial administration. As time went on his activities spread more and more in all directions. He frequently addressed the assembled members from "the floor of the House"; he was constantly in the conference chamber; he introduced himself into various ministerial departments, particularly those of law, finance, post-office, sociology, the army, the navy, venturing at length into the perilous seas of higher diplomacy. Industry might, perhaps, be set down as his most striking characteristic. In the Reichstag a room in a quiet corner of the building was set apart as his private study. That he used it is evident from the fact that he kept the House in perpetual amazement at the extent and diversity of his knowledge.

Meantime the more unpleasant side of his character began to appear. His manner was vain and overbearing and won for him personal enemies even among his political friends. He created confusion within the Centre Party by prancing about at his own sweet will, with a cruel disregard for its traditional discipline. He quarrelled with its trusted leader, Dr. Spahn. He brought it into disrepute by espousing the cause of a certain dismissed official and cutting a somewhat sorry figure before the

Courts. He accused the Government of fostering plots in Fernando Po for the criminal purpose of creating complications with the Spanish Government and thus finding an excuse for annexing the island. The Government cleared itself, but the accusation afforded precious material to English propagandists engaged in arousing suspicions against Germany. The success of such propaganda was seen when the war broke out; Erzberger's deed was then recalled with bitterness. Next year he was in trouble over some documents stolen from the Naval Union and published in a Bavarian paper. The publication served Erzberger's purposes so well that he could not help becoming suspect. He was called on to give evidence, and refused on the ground that it would incriminate himself. His enemies were very frank in drawing conclusions.

Nevertheless, with what opponents called "the full force of an inborn incapacity for feeling shame," he forged his way ahead. He attacked the great Krupp industrial firm by name in the Reichstag. He condemned the War Minister for allowing officers travelling expenses on too generous a scale. In 1910 he delivered a strong philippic against the Government, taking as his thesis, "The Navy should not be pampered like a pet dog." In the same year he was on the warpath against the colonial administrators. A native rebellion had just been put down in S.W. Africa, and Erzberger's suggestion was that the German colonists, the chief sufferers by the outbreak, should bear the expenses themselves. The proposal split the Centre Party, and its leading organ, *Die Kölnische Volkszeitung*, attacked Erzberger openly "for having left the party open to just censure time and again during the past few years, and for constantly entangling it in difficulties." Later, when a serious difference of view on the question of general policy cleft the Party in twain, Erzberger became a leading light on one side. After a while, however, he changed his mind and became a leading light on the other side.

He was, as may well be imagined, a perfect torture to the officials. He knew everything about everybody's department, and the stream of his criticism was strong and endless. Herr von Capelle, the Secretary for the Navy, spent patient hours trying to prove to him that he was mistaken. Erzberger remained unconvinced. To allay his clamour the Government entrusted him with many secrets. This, too, proved unsuccessful, and the Government found itself at an additional disadvantage in never feeling safe against his indiscretions. A marked feature during all this period was his extreme watchfulness over the spending of public money. Germany, as is well known, prided herself on the honesty of her public administration. Erzberger's suspicions were taken as reflections on the personal honour of the officials concerned. It was unfortunate that, during the war, millions of marks for which no complete account was ever rendered passed through Erzberger's own fingers. His enemies naturally availed of the opportunity to jeer at the stern Cato of German public life—"the man of rubber conscience and of iron brow," as he was more than once designated. His friends defended his integrity with equal warmth, maintaining justly that in no single instance could malversation be proved against him. It must be added that, if Erzberger were the cunning rogue his enemies proclaimed him to be, he would have died a millionaire. As it was, he died a comfortable middle-class citizen.

Erzberger's extraordinary talents were obviously never suited to the humdrum ways of peace, and it was only on the outbreak of the world war that they found full employment. Probably for the first time in life he now felt the joy of having too much to do. To his natural fever of temperament the fever of war was added, and his activity spread like an ocean over all Central Europe. From early dawn to late at night he was never at rest, conferring, advising, speaking, studying, writing. He loved work and politics and power. The two former he

now had in satisfying abundance; the last was to come almost unasked from mere force of circumstances.

Remarkable in a man of Erzberger's character was the strict discipline he observed during the early stages of the war. It would have taken nobody by surprise if he struck out at once on a line of his own; contrary to all expectation, he marched meekly with the crowd. Speedy victory and wild acquisitions were then his hope. He vied with the most ambitious of Prussian Junkers in fixing boundaries for the new Germany. The best illustration of his general outlook at the time is perhaps his attitude towards Belgium. At the end of October, 1914 he wrote in the *Allgemeine Rundschau*: "We can no longer have on our western frontier a so-called neutral country. . . . Nobody in Germany would understand if the great sacrifices of the war went unrecompensed; from this point of view particularly will the ultimate disposal of Belgium be watched." He declared quite openly that "from the standpoint of our military security alone is the fate of Belgium to be determined," and ended with a sabre rattle: "The sword is drawn; the sword alone must decide." Three years later, when he had shifted round to a diametrically opposite position and spoke of Belgium as "the world's darling," he explained his former attitude by declaring that it was based on false information supplied by the Government. Germany, according to official reports, had only entered Belgium because France had already violated its neutrality, and a French division was already stationed at Namur. Of course there were people unkind enough to hint that the altered military situation had also something to do with Erzberger's change of mind.

The native honesty of the German people made them at all times averse to propaganda. This prejudice was shared in official circles, so that, in pre-war times, no attempt was ever made to found a department for propaganda purposes either at home or abroad. Thus when war broke out the Allies, relying on that Power amongst

them which made propaganda a speciality, were able "to enlighten the outside world on the justice of their cause" without let or hindrance. Erzberger saw where this would inevitably lead, and begged the Government to give the matter its attention. The Government agreed that something should be done, and left the practical arrangements in Erzberger's own hands. In time an elaborate system was built up, and constant connection with America and the other leading neutrals assured. Attempts were also made to run papers in the German interest in the capitals of those neutral countries which were expected not to remain neutral long. The chief effort was naturally made at Rome. Erzberger was later condemned for the failure of his propaganda in that city, but could justly point out that, in the competition with his adversaries, he had at least a generation to make up, and that there were contributory causes for which he was not responsible. Besides, his labours in this direction were never appreciated by the military leaders. Indeed for a long time, owing to their objections, he could get no material over the frontier at all. Interesting in the propaganda connection is his suggestion to the Chancellor to invite ex-President Roosevelt to the German Headquarters at the Front, towards the end of 1914. The invitation was never issued, though Erzberger declared with all emphasis that he knew it would be accepted.

Meantime he followed the fortunes of the armies with great care, and had the general military situation at his finger tips. He was deputed to keep the Reichstag regularly informed as to the condition of affairs on all the fronts. He took a particular interest in munitions, and put forward various helpful suggestions, but they were invariably turned down by the responsible authorities. Among proposals so treated was one for the building of tanks, which he urged in a memorandum of November 14, 1914, to the War Minister. The scheme was ridiculed as the offspring of a deranged mind. The military leaders

saw their mistake three years later when the tank was perhaps the deciding instrument in working their ruin. It may be mentioned that Erzberger appeared very seldom at the front, for the simple reason that his presence there was unwelcome. Ludendorff disliked him as a "burdensome busybody," and there is no question but that the dislike was mutual.

It was in the field of diplomacy that Erzberger found fullest scope for his prodigious activity. His career in this respect may be said to begin with his visit to Rome in February, 1915. Shortly after the outbreak of the war the German Ambassador in that city was condemned for negligence and recalled. His place was taken by Prince Bülow, who since his appointment had been waging a hard battle to make Italy preserve her neutrality. The difficulty, in a nutshell, was that Italy wanted her price and Austria would not pay it. Erzberger was sent to see if something could not be done to get the two parties in touch preliminary to an understanding. In this he succeeded, though it was only with the utmost difficulty that Austria could be got to make any move whatever in the direction of resigning territory. Negotiations proceeded so lifelessly that Erzberger was despatched again to Rome in Holy Week, 1915. Thence he proceeded to Vienna to lay the whole situation before the Government there and to insist on the necessity for haste. The need was all the more pressing as the Entente had recently come forward with counter-proposals, offering terms such as can only be granted at the expense of the enemy. Despite the critical situation Austria moved with irritating slowness. Erzberger was again in Rome on May 1st. In the following days, at the cost of almost superhuman effort, he succeeded in getting the reluctant Austrian Ambassador to sign a document granting Italy's full demands. All was now arranged, and nothing remained but quietly to work out the details. Here, however, the power of Italian Freemasonry made itself felt. The Grand

Orient in Rome, acting in conjunction with the Grand Orient in Paris, was determined on war. Seeing its hopes on the point of being thwarted, it decided to have revolution. The mob was organised and let loose on the city. Unheard of excitement and confusion prevailed. The deputies known to favour peace were in momentary danger of being lynched. German and Austrian representatives were assaulted and fired on. Erzberger himself escaped by walking disguised in a procession headed by the red flag, and thus getting as near as he could to the station. The Government was helpless and finally surrendered to the threatening multitude. Thus did the Italian Freemasons carry the day. They ruled the mob, and the mob ruled the Government. Erzberger's efforts were rendered useless, and war was declared on the Central Powers.

In February, 1916, Erzberger spent a fortnight in Constantinople, where the situation from the German point of view was unsatisfactory. Turkey, the poor corpse which Germany had galvanised into life, still seemed to hanker after the inactivity of the tomb. Difficulties were numerous. Not the least was lack of a common policy and a common purpose in the army. The Turkish officers were divided into two camps, those who wanted the war and those who did not. The latter were open to "conviction"; but the process was so costly that before it was complete there was nothing left in the Treasury. Hence an almost insuperable difficulty in supplying munitions, or anything else needed for active warfare. That these questions were satisfactorily settled the Dardanelles are sufficient witness. Erzberger's chief interest in Constantinople was, however, civil rather than military, being in connection with the Armenians and the abandoned Catholic missions. The declaration of war by Turkey had been the signal for a new massacre of unhappy Armenians. The survivors were atrociously treated, and Germany, as well from policy as for reasons of humanity, was forced to interfere. Representations were taken in exceedingly

bad part by the Sublime Porte. Germany was curtly informed that Turkey would regulate her internal problems herself. The Armenians would be treated as their rulers thought fit. The Porte even went so far as to insist on the recall of the German Ambassador, Count Metternich, whose efforts to save the Armenians had won for him in Constantinople the nickname of "the Armenian Ambassador." As to the missions, the same policy held good. When Turkey expelled the French she had no intention of merely exchanging them for Germans. The Turkish Government would take charge of education and run it in the interests of their own country. The French godless school would be taken as model. Erzberger succeeded in producing a change of attitude amongst the Turkish authorities, and arranged to have a number of German priests and nuns introduced by degrees to take charge of the deserted missions. Negotiations to have the "Coenaculum" in Jerusalem handed over to the Catholic Church by the Turks dragged on until the end of the war, and produced no definite results. Erzberger's scheme was that the Catholics of Germany should contribute money sufficient to buy out Mohammedan interests. He would make the purchase and present the "Coenaculum" as a personal gift to the King of Bavaria. The king would then make arrangements with the Curia to have the gift placed at the disposal of the Catholic world. The Kaiser, von Bethmann-Hollweg and the King of Bavaria had all given their consent to this plan.

In the same month of February, 1916, Erzberger visited two of the Balkan capitals, Sofia and Bucharest. In the former all was going well from his standpoint. Hatred of the Serbians and the Roumanians was so deep that the final result was certain. Erzberger contented himself, therefore, with founding a paper in the German interest and arranging for a visit of Bulgarian deputies to Germany. Interesting is his discussion with prominent public men in Sofia of a union between the Bulgarian

Church and Rome. The project was regarded by all, including King Ferdinand himself, as quite feasible.

In Bucharest the situation was very different. Austria, or rather her companion in the dual monarchy, was intensely disliked, and only fear of the German arms prevented Roumania from taking the field against her. When Italy entered the war Roumania would have followed suit immediately save that Germany just then was winning striking victories in Russia. Time was thus given for negotiation, and Erzberger tried to avail of it by getting Austria and Roumania to come to an understanding. Neither side showed great enthusiasm for the other's friendship. Roumania doubted if Austria would offer much, and Austria confirmed her doubts by offering nothing at all. The Hungarian Premier, Count Tisza, a full-blooded Magyar, stated frankly that the question of concessions did not arise. The Roumanians in Transylvania were much better off than their wretched *confrères* in the home country. The Imperial Foreign Secretary, Baron Burian, agreed. The Allies meanwhile were active, and when England bought up all Roumania's wheat for ready money, Erzberger knew that Germany's cause was lost. As a matter of fact England then received a promise that Roumania would declare war for the Entente before August 15th.

Erzberger visited Vienna as often as once a month during the early stages of the war. It was an open secret that feeling between the two allies was not always as friendly as it might be. For this, according to Erzberger, the German militarists, who (to use his own expression) "only saw the world through a cannon muzzle," were primarily to blame. Erzberger was reproached in later times with the general failure of his diplomacy. His opponents forgot that a Government which had itself represented all during the war at the Court of Vienna by a bigoted unpopular Protestant, which consistently repeated the same error at the Vatican, which swamped

Alsace and later Belgium with iron-heeled Prussians, deserved no better fortune. Erzberger, at any rate, did his best to make relations smooth between the two empires. His influence with the Emperor Karl was, according to his own account, tremendous ; according to his opponents, negligible. With the Empress, on the other hand, his influence was admittedly great. The latter got the reputation not merely of taking an active part in politics, but also of using her position against the interests of the Central Powers. Both allegations, according to Erzberger, were scandalously unjust.

From the very beginning of the war Erzberger urged that the question of Alsace-Lorraine should be once for all settled. " Alsace for the Alsatians " was Bismarck's own cry in 1871, when congratulating the inhabitants on their restoration to the Fatherland after two hundred years of separation. The country was then administered provisionally as " national territory " (Reichsland). Despite all complaints, no final settlement was attempted, and the Alsatians were treated in practice like a negro colony. With a German-speaking population estimated at 82 per cent., they claimed the right to form a self-governing state ; they got instead dictatorship. Erzberger at first favoured a division of the provinces and a union of the parts with already existing states like Prussia, Bavaria and Baden. When this scheme broke down, he tried to carry through the only alternative—constitution of the provinces into a federal state of the empire. The military party objected to this, and discussions dragged on until defeat and revolution made them no longer necessary. In this case at least Erzberger might well claim that neglect of his counsels did not bring the Fatherland good fortune.

When military success had placed the whole of Poland under the control of the Central Powers, Erzberger set himself at once to work out a plan for Poland's future. All agreed that the country should be restored to its old position as an independent kingdom. Two questions,

however, remained to be settled. How much territory should the new kingdom embrace, and who was to be the new King? That Russian Poland should be the nucleus of the restored kingdom was, of course, obvious. But what about Polish ambitions in Lithuania and Russia proper? Above all, what about Posen and Galicia? Germany had no objection to Galicia being handed over; but Austria would allow this on one condition only—that Poland should unite with Hungary and Austria and the dual become a triple monarchy. This the Poles would not accept. Later Austria agreed to accept an independent Polish State with a Hapsburg Archduke as king. This Germany refused. Both Austria and Germany agreed that the new Poland should have no non-Polish territory. It is remarkable that the surrender of Posen by Germany seems never to have been discussed; nor indeed did the ugly legislative measures of Prussia against its Polish province show any great improvement during the war. On November 5, 1916, a new Polish State was proclaimed by the Central Powers; but the attempt was characterised at once in Poland as "a naïve political adventure" to secure Polish soldiers. Erzberger made innumerable attempts to have a satisfactory solution arrived at; but Germany and Austria could not reconcile their differences, and the armistice found them still at loggerheads.

In Lithuania things moved more quickly, chiefly owing to the determination and energy of the Lithuanians themselves. The moment the German army had driven out the Russians, representatives of the Lithuanian people came together and agreed on a common policy. They informed Germany that they must have a state of their own, independent at once of Germany, Russia and Poland. Germany showed no inclination to accept this view, so the Lithuanians formed their state and presented Germany with a *fait accompli*. After some time Germany recognised the new state, though with obvious reluctance and only on condition that the constitution was monarchic, with

a German prince as king. The Lithuanians agreed, but insisted on their right to complete freedom in selecting the person of their ruler. Germany refused this claim and tried to force on the Lithuanians the Kaiser himself as king, Lithuania and Prussia to be united under one crown. This brought matters to a deadlock. The next step was taken by the Lithuanians who, in their national assembly, proceeded in constitutional fashion to select a king for themselves. Their choice fell unanimously on a Würtemberg Catholic prince. Further negotiations ensued and had not yet ended when the German collapse set in. The part taken by Erzberger in all these proceedings cannot be overestimated. He was constantly by the side of the Lithuanians, helping them with his advice and trying to get every new difficulty surmounted in their favour. His espousal of their cause was so enthusiastic and so open that the military party in Germany tried to bring about his ruin. They failed then; but they were destined to be successful later.

From 1916 Erzberger made every effort to secure a speedy peace with Belgium. He agreed with Bethmann-Hollweg that annexation was out of the question, and that the country should be restored in its pre-war integrity. The military party strongly opposed this view, and it was only during the Chancellorship of Count Hertling in spring, 1918, that the final decision in favour of restoration was taken. Even then the supreme authority of the Kaiser was necessary to reduce the military to submission. Erzberger's part in stopping the deportations and in securing a somewhat fuller freedom of action for Cardinal Mercier was also considerable.

Interesting, too, was his part in the U-boat discussions. From the beginning of the war the Navy had been begging to be allowed a perfectly free hand, promising wonders if the request were granted. Erzberger fought against this with all his might. For a long time he was supported by Bethmann-Hollweg, who remarked to him more than

once that if Germany ever embarked on unrestricted U-boat warfare she would be treated as "a mad-dog" by the rest of the world. As the war dragged on, however, and the Navy department repeated its threats and promises, the temptation to try and end things quickly became irresistible. In the middle of January, 1916, Tirpitz said to Erzberger that he would have England on her knees in six weeks if allowed his way with the U-boats. The Chief of the Naval Staff, when Erzberger repeated Tirpitz's statement to him, remarked that the time limit fixed was too short. Give them six months, however, and the starvation of England was certain. Erzberger proposed that the Navy should give some proof of the U-boats' power by applying them to some big enterprise—the blockade of the English coal-harbours, for instance, or the complete blockade of Ireland. This was refused on the plea that it was technically impossible.

As the year drew to an end the cry for unrestricted submarine warfare grew ever louder. Important members of the Government bent reluctantly before the storm. Bethmann-Hollweg himself was induced to give his consent. Erzberger tried to get the Court at Vienna to interfere at Berlin to have the decision reversed, but without avail.

On February 1, 1917, the day which, according to Erzberger, marks the beginning of national misfortune, the unrestricted submarine warfare commenced. Erzberger believed that the Government had embarked on a perilous course; but he also believed that once the step was taken the only hope for the country lay in making the U-boat campaign a success. He, therefore, worked night and day to ensure that U-boats be turned out in sufficient number for the undertaking. The supply at the Admiralty's disposal was hitherto incredibly small. In January, 1916, Germany possessed scarcely 50 U-boats in all. Of these a third were always in repair, a third on voyage to or from their base, so that no more than a third were ever

actually at work. The proportion later sank to a fifth. Erzberger showed how a certain amount of standardisation could lead to a considerable increase in output; in other ways, too, he helped to have the construction carried through more speedily. In January, 1918, Germany had 143 boats, and in September of the same year 154. This was the highest figure reached during the war. The success of the unrestricted submarine warfare never came up to expectations, and the navy department had to fall back on mystifying statistics. Some wonderful tales were told in the course of the discussions. At one sitting Herr Helfferich, an Imperial Secretary of State, related how 3,000,000 tons of wheat had been eaten by rats in Australia, where it had lain stored for want of shipping to bring it to England. One of the deputies on hearing this became violently agitated, and when asked what was wrong replied: "Nothing. I was merely trying to calculate the number of rats required for that feat." The six months passed, leaving England still showing no signs of being in desperate straits. In April, 1918, von Capelle officially announced that the unrestricted U-boat campaign was a failure. Erzberger tried to spread the news in the country and narrowly escaped imprisonment at the hands of the military authorities.

It was, however, his connection with the Peace Resolution of July, 1917, that brought most discredit on Erzberger's head. He always championed the view that Germany, ringed round with enemies, was lost if she did not make peace quickly. The military party, on the other hand, raised the cry that no "hurried" or "indifferent" peace should be contemplated. In the middle of the year 1916 the German Government appealed to President Wilson to introduce peace proposals, and received the promise that he would do so after his re-election. For some unexplained reason the German Government itself anticipated him with a peace note on December 12, 1916. Wilson was irate. The German

note, which Erzberger described as a *threat* rather than an *offer* of peace, produced no effect. In the same year, 1916, efforts were also made to win over Japan and Russia to the idea of a separate peace. Japan would do nothing without her allies, and Russia was very doubtful as to the terms she was likely to get. As a matter of fact, the first official offer of peace from Russia came from the Workmen and Soldiers' Council on November 10, 1917. Erzberger then did his best to have an amicable agreement come to, but was overthrown by the Junkers, whose heads were still swollen with ideas of conquest and world-rule. The result was the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which pleased nobody, and, according to Erzberger, was finally signed only because the Kaiser liked to regard himself as ruler of the Baltic provinces.

In the beginning of 1917 all German authorities, military and civil, were agreed that the war must end in the July or August of that year. In June it was clear that this was impossible, and preparations were set on foot for a winter campaign. Erzberger now became convinced that the war could not be brought to an end by military means alone, so he determined to set in motion a great diplomatic campaign for immediate peace. He gave as his grounds for this action (1) the situation in Austria, where, according to Count Czernin's memorandum of April 12 to the Austrian and German Emperors, there was no hope of continuing the war beyond 1917; (2) the Allies' predominance of 4 : 1 in the matter of munitions, and Germany's ever-increasing dearth of raw material; (3) the failure of the U-boat warfare; (4) the growing lack of men; (5) the intolerable food conditions; (6) internal difficulties in connection with the Prussian electoral law. Erzberger won over the majority of the Parliamentarians to his view, and it was decided to introduce a peace resolution in the Reichstag. Bethmann-Hollweg, as the Chancellor in office at the beginning of the war, was regarded as an impossible peace Chancellor,

so his retirement was insisted on. Erzberger believed that the Kaiser would consult the majority parties in the Reichstag before appointing the new Chancellor. In this he was disappointed. To everybody's amazement the Kaiser at once named Michaelis as Bethmann Hollweg's successor. Most people hardly knew who Michaelis was, and the report went round that he had been "discovered" the evening before by Ludendorff in Berlin. Michaelis, however, made no serious objection to the peace effort; so six days later the famous resolution was carried.

It was regarded by the military party as "defeatist" in tendency. Erzberger himself narrowly escaped being tried for high treason. The agitation against him was so violent that for some months his influence disappeared completely, and he was compelled to live in retirement. The resolution, according to Erzberger's enemies, demoralised the German people to such a degree that the greatest victories of Hindenburg and Ludendorff barely sufficed to restore public confidence.

A word may be said of Erzberger's relations with the more prominent persons in the Central Powers during the years of war. The Kaiser he regarded as flighty and autocratic. His Imperial Majesty considered him in return an erratic, able and vulgar demagogue. His standing at the Court of Vienna has already been mentioned. Bethmann-Hollweg cultivated his friendship and trusted him with many missions. Michaelis respected his power. Count von Hertling, his fellow-Catholic and colleague for years in the Centre Party, treated him with something approaching contempt. Before, during, and after his Chancellorship his door was closed to the omniscient parliamentarian. Erzberger made pathetic attempts to work himself into the Count's good graces. Very gently but very frigidly the Count turned him away. The Foreign Secretary, von Kühlmann, however, remained Erzberger's friend, and even during Hertling's chancellorship sent him, unknown to the Count, on a secret mission to Vienna.

Erzberger's real enemies were to be found in the military headquarters and officers' messes. His enemies in civil life objected to his endless talk, his juggling with principle, and his frequent political tergiversations. To them, however, he was nothing worse than a "platitudinous chameleon." To Ludendorff and his associates he was the most unspeakable of German traitors, the Ethiopian whom no scrubbing could wash white. His part in the events which brought the war to a tragic end made this view all the stronger.

The sudden collapse of the German arms took everybody in Germany by surprise. On July 15, 1918, Ludendorff was still certain of victory. A month later his certainty was gone. Yet another month and he was wondering how he could save his armies. On October 1 the the military situation was extremely perilous. A "war cabinet," under Prince Max of Baden, was founded on October 4, and Erzberger appeared in public life again as a Minister. The first note to Wilson was dispatched next day. On October 12 the Cabinet appealed to Ludendorff for a promise to hold the front for three months. The answer was a decided "No." After that it was only a question of time until disaster came. On October 26, Ludendorff retired; Hindenburg was prevailed on to stay. On the same day the revolution broke out at Kiel, and the confusion grew. The need for an armistice became every moment more pressing. A Commission was formed to enter into negotiation with the Allies, but it was almost impossible to find a responsible authority willing to lead it. Erzberger, despite his protests, was finally chosen for the thankless task. The Commission met Foch in the wood of Compiègne in the early morning of November 7th. The sequel is well known. Erzberger found Foch stiff, silent, hard as steel. The French marshal had nothing to offer but what Erzberger regarded as inhuman conditions, with a 72-hours' interval to accept or reject. News of the Kaiser's abdication arrived during

the discussions. The Red Flag had appeared at Berlin. The Commission feared that a communist government would be proclaimed every hour. Erzberger signed the armistice agreement and returned to a chaotic Germany.

From that time forward he remained head of the German Armistice Commission, labouring at the same time by his writings to spread the idea of a League of Nations and of a just peace. When the peace conditions were finally handed to the German delegates at Versailles the effect was paralysing. The German Government could hardly bring itself to regard them as genuine. The Peace delegation returned to Weimar practically unanimous that the conditions should not be accepted. At the first discussions, June 3rd and 4th, Erzberger was the only Minister willing to undertake the responsibility of signing. The impossibility of fulfilling the conditions was the chief difficulty urged. One of the Ministers described the situation as like putting a revolver to a man's forehead and asking him to sign a declaration to climb to the moon. Erzberger admitted that the conditions were impossible; on the other hand, the Allies would offer no better. At the final discussion on July 19th the Cabinet was equally divided, and showed clearly that it could never come to an agreement. It was, therefore, dissolved and a new Government, consisting of Social Democrats and members of the Centre Party only, was called into existence. This agreed to sign the treaty, and Erzberger's point was won. An attempt to murder him was made the same night. The attempt was repeated a few nights later, a hand grenade being thrown into his bedroom. Shortly afterwards a third attempt was made, this time also unsuccessfully.

In the new Cabinet Erzberger was Minister of Finance. He used the position to introduce a new and able financial system and to carry through reforms in the post office and the railways. Noteworthy was his attack on war profits and his heavy tax on capital. The effect of this on the

propertied classes can be imagined. Numbers of the disbanded military leaders, who were hard hit by these measures, carried their hostility towards him beyond all bounds. The attacks on his private character were so virulent that in 1919 he was forced to defend himself against them, and cited one of his leading opponents, Herr Helfferich, before the Courts for libel. His enemies availed of this opportunity to attack him *en masse*. The trial, which lasted well into 1920, was made the occasion for fighting over again the political quarrels of a decade, and was a caricature of justice.

Erzberger was a prolific writer. In the *Staatsbibliothek* in Berlin over thirty books and pamphlets appear under his name. Of recent writings his two tracts on the League of Nations and his pamphlet on "Christian Solidarity" attracted much attention. In "Christian Solidarity" he explained a scheme for transforming the rights of property in the direction of modified socialism, giving the workers a considerable share in the profits or products of their industry. Erzberger made no secret of his sympathy with the workers. As Minister of Finance his policy was simply to lay the burden of taxation on the shoulders of the rich and to save the poor, as far as possible, from the consequences of Germany's disaster. His robust democracy naturally delighted the labouring classes and won for him an abiding popularity with them. It was less pleasing to numbers of his political friends. Indeed the effort to have his programme adopted by the Centre Party led to such fierce conflicts that the very existence of the Party was threatened. The most serious objections against the programme were that it was premature, and that the method of carrying it through had not been properly thought out. This was finally admitted, and the programme was withdrawn provisionally.

Of his private family life nothing but good can be said. He was a Catholic to the finger-tips. His efforts to save the missions in Turkey have already been mentioned.

The number of priests and nuns struggling with poverty and hardship in the heathen missions whom he helped in every way was exceedingly numerous. Space does not permit an account of his brilliant suggestions for the settlement of the Roman Question and the sacrifices he made to have them carried into effect. Suffice it to say that they won the Holy Father's thankful recognition. He had three children, one son and two daughters. The son died of influenza in October, 1918, whilst in training for a commission in the army. The elder daughter became a Carmelite nun; the younger remains with the mother. He had assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion the morning of his assassination, and was to leave next day for Frankfort, where the great annual assembly of German Catholics was in session.

That Erzberger was one of the most gifted men of his generation goes without saying. That most of his schemes ended in failure is also unquestionable. Whether this was due to his own defects or to the defects of those with whom he came in contact must remain undecided. It may perhaps be said, without injustice to his memory, that his activity was excessive and that he talked too much. He claimed to be a specialist in all branches of knowledge, and by a natural reaction ran the risk of being considered a specialist in none. Men of this type do not inspire confidence. Incessant airing of his opinions led to his being taken by many for a mere babbler. In his case, at any rate, silence would have been golden. Foolish in the extreme was his dealing in business concerns. The political reformer who has private interests in high finance cannot help becoming suspect. That he meant well for his country can hardly be doubted. That he always chose the best means to the end is open to discussion. That he showed wisdom and skill in the execution of his plans can scarcely be claimed. Whether, all things considered, his life was a gain or a loss to his country, future German historians must determine.

JOHN RYAN.

Bonn, Germany.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH AND THE IRISH MARTYRS.

BY M. H. MACINERNY, O.P.

Vice-Postulator of the Cause of the Irish Martyrs.

II.[1]

THE cause of the Irish Martyrs was introduced in Rome on March 16, 1915. It had passed the first great stage—but only the first stage—on the Church's highway towards Beatification. The crucial test, in the Apostolic Process, was still to come. A case of reputed martyrdom might break down hopelessly in the Apostolic Process, for lack of evidence; or, more likely still, it might fail under the lynx-eyed scrutiny to which the evidence is afterwards subjected in Rome. Even the introduction of a cause does not invariably entail the immediate holding of an Apostolic Process. The cause of 261 English Martyrs, including B. Oliver Plunkett and five other Irishmen, was introduced in December, 1886; and it is only now, after the lapse of well-nigh thirty-five years, that preparations are being made for holding an Apostolic Process in regard to 253 of these cases.[2]

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[1] For Part I. see June issue.

[2] Cardinal V. Vannutelli (*Novissima Positio*, pp. 2, 3) assigns July 10, 1899, as the date on which Cardinal Logue was empowered to begin the Apostolic Process for the Ven. Oliver Plunkett. On the other hand, Cardinal Moran (*Irish Eccl. Record*, Nov., 1902, p. 386) states that the Congregation of Rites despatched the authorisation for this Process to Cardinal Logue in September, 1902. In any case, the Apostolic Process did not begin in Armagh until the early part of 1907. In Dec.-Jan., 1907-8, Archbishop Walsh held a Processiculus or "Little Process" in Dublin, to take the evidence of Chief Baron Palles and Judge Browne on certain legal aspects of Oliver Plunkett's trial.

The Irish cause was handled from the first with a prompt efficiency which redounds greatly to the credit of its promotors. Within a month of its promulgation in Rome, the decree for the introduction of the cause was translated in Dublin. It was published by Archbishop Walsh on April 10, 1915. Copies were printed on large posters and exhibited in the churches before the end of April. Three months later, on July 14, Mgr. O'Riordan took the decisive step of petitioning the Congregation of Rites for a grant of Litterae Remissoriales, whereby the Archbishop of Dublin might be authorised to hold an Apostolic Process in regard to the Irish Martyrs. I am particular in specifying dates at this point, because these dates have an eloquence of their own. They show how little time was wasted in the various stages of the Irish Process.

On October 1, the energetic Postulator submitted 229 Articles for the approval of the Congregation. The persecution in Ireland from Henry VIII to Queen Anne formed the subject of the first 13 Articles; the next 207 were devoted to a series of summaries of the facts concerning each reputed Martyr or group of Martyrs, while the final 9 Articles turned on questions of a relatively unimportant and technical nature.

The Postulator undertook to prove, by historical testimony, that the allegations contained in the various Articles were true in substance and fact. On these Articles, and on Interrogatories drawn up by the "Devil's Advocate" and jealously kept secret, all witnesses were to be examined. It was the duty of witnesses to substantiate, or if needful to correct, every statement made in the Articles. In reality, their task had a much wider scope. They were bound to set forth, with absolute honesty and painstaking accuracy, all the evidence they had discovered, whether favourable or unfavourable, as well in regard to the character of each reputed Martyr as in regard to the manner and circumstances of his death

A complete biography of each Martyr, a detailed study of his life and times from beginning to end, was alien to the proper scope of the inquiry, and would have clogged the Process with a mass of irrelevancies. The supreme question, to which the attention of scholars was constantly directed, was this : Did such and such a reputed Martyr really suffer death for the Faith ? This question dominated the inquiry ; but it was found impossible in practice to draw a hard and fast line between what was strictly relevant to the main issue and what was not so. One may safely say that the acts of the Apostolic Process will be found to contain incomparably the fullest as well as the most critical accounts of the lives and sufferings of our Irish Martyrs, together with the best bibliography of the literature which concerns them. But I must not anticipate.

The Articles submitted by Mgr. O'Riordan to the Congregation of Rites were forwarded in due course to Dublin, where they arrived on January 20, 1916. Five days later, Archbishop Walsh issued a circular letter, in which, after a rapid survey of the history of the cause, he announced that the Apostolic Process was about to begin. On February 8, the Archbishop selected his Vicars-General, Mgr. Fitzpatrick and Mgr. Dunne, as Assistant Judges, and appointed Mgr. O'Donnell, D.D. V.G., as Sub-promotor Fidei, popularly known as " Devil's Advocate." The ever-courteous and energetic Father M. J. Curran, then secretary to the Archbishop, became Chief Notary, and in the sequel proved himself a tower of strength to the cause.

While these arrangements were going forward, I was busily engaged on a volume which was due to appear in September, little dreaming of what the future held in store for me. Suddenly, like the proverbial bolt from the blue, came an announcement, on February 19, that I had been chosen for the office of Vice-Postulator. I was frankly appalled and dismayed. The idea of my

holding a post which had been so worthily filled by a veteran scholar like Fr. Denis Murphy, seemed little short of grotesque. Besides, the problem of finishing my book (of which several long chapters were still unwritten) and seeing it through the press, while discharging my new duties, seemed to verge on insolubility. The more I realised the responsibilities of my unsought position the more crushing they appeared. It was the reverse of reassuring to read, in Canon Macken's excellent work on the Canonisation of Saints :—

> The Postulator is the official who promotes the cause and expedites all the proceedings . . . The term Postulator is generally applied to the Vice-Postulators when they are actively engaged in the promotion of the cause, and the word Procurator is often used in the same sense. . . . The Postulator occupies a most important position in causes of canonisation. He is, under God, the prime mover in the whole undertaking. His duties are manifold and arduous, and his services, as will be seen, are required from beginning to end. He must, at the very beginning, be possessed of such information regarding the life of the servant of God, respecting his virtues, gifts, and miracles, that he can reasonably conclude that the cause may be submitted to the judgment of the Congregation with a fair prospect of success.[1]

There was nothing for it but to do one's best. My formal appointment by Mgr. O'Riordan was dated March 1. On the following day, Mgr. Mariani, the new Promotor Fidei,[2] issued his instructions for the due ordering of affairs in the Apostolic Process. These instructions were of paramount importance ; and it was very interesting to see how calmly they brushed aside certain of the punctilios cherished by the makers of text-books. Next came Litterae Remissoriales from the Congregation of Rites, whereby the Apostolic Process of the Irish Martyrs was

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[1] Macken, *The Canonisation of Saints*, pp. 50–52 (Dublin : Gill, 1910).

[2] On the appointment of Mgr. La Fontaine as Patriarch of Venice, the Promotor Fidei (Mgr. Verde) became Secretary of the Congregation of Rites. Mgr. Mariani, hitherto Sub-promotor Fidei, became Promotor Fidei on 6 July, 1915 ; and our advocate, Mgr. Salotti, became Sub-promotor Fidei, a position which he still holds, in addition to the Assessorship of the Congregation of Rites.

confided to the eminently capable hands of Archbishop Walsh. These letters, dated March 30, did not reach their destination until May 26.

On June 5, the Archbishop summoned his three Vicars-General, with Fr. Curran and myself, to discuss preliminaries. After sundry questions of procedure had been settled, it was made clear that the old witnesses as well as the new—the survivors of the Process of 1904 as well as the scholars who were confidently expected to come forward in 1916—would have to be examined in the Apostolic Process. At my request, the Rev. John MacErlean, S.J., and the Rev. Patrick Woulfe, C.C., were accepted as witnesses. No happier choice could have been made. The services rendered by these two scholars to the cause of the Irish Martyrs might not inaptly be described as colossal.

Fr. MacErlean was selected as a Gaelic scholar of acknowledged standing, who might be trusted to deal in a thoroughly competent manner with any pieces of Gaelic evidence that might be discovered. Unfortunately, very few documents of this character have come to light. The strangest feature of the Process, so far, has been the lamentable dearth of Gaelic evidence. Though by far the larger number of the Martyrs, as well as the great majority of their Catholic contemporaries in Ireland, were fluent Gaelic speakers, yet the most diligent research has failed to unearth more than a dozen pieces of Gaelic testimony. Geoffrey Keating, Patrick Hackett, and a host of other poets or chroniclers who lived in the bloody era of persecution, must have known countless details concerning the Irish Martyrs of their time. Had they written down what they knew, their writings on this tragic chapter of Irish history would now be literally worth their weight in gold. Unhappily, they chose rather to remain silent, and their silence has been a dire misfortune for the Martyrs' cause. Distinguished Irish ecclesiastics of the seventeenth century wrote to one

another in Spanish, Latin, or English; very rarely in Irish, so far as we can judge from extant specimens of their correspondence.

Fr. MacErlean's abilities as a Gaelic scholar, therefore, were seldom called into play. But he has rendered invaluable service by his thorough investigation of practically every case of martyrdom on our list, from 1540 to 1649. Gifted with tireless energy and remarkable critical power, he has gleaned, from unnumbered sources, every scrap of information concerning the various bishops, priests and lay people whose names figure on the list of Martyrs; and he has presented the evidence in each case with scientific order and precision. Taking advantage of a lull in the proceedings at Archbishop's House, he has lately spent a year delving in certain important archives in Holland, where he discovered some hitherto unknown letters of Irish Martyrs, besides many valuable data concerning Irish ecclesiastics of the 16th and 17th centuries. Fr. MacErlean reminds me of one of those powerful German investigators of the type of Denifle—men for whom no task is too strenuous, and who invariably shed fresh light on every subject they handle.

Much the same may be said of Fr. Woulfe, who was selected as an expert on Irish surnames. The names of the Martyrs, in many instances, appeared in a variety of corrupt forms, and it was desirable to establish the true form in each case—a task for which Fr. Woulfe was eminently qualified. But he has done vastly more than this. With rare generosity, he has devoted himself to a laborious and critical investigation of nearly every case of martyrdom on our list. His evidence is a model of clearness; he marshals his facts in a telling and masterly fashion. Like Fr. MacErlean, whom in other ways he resembles, Fr. Woulfe has an immense capacity for work, "an infinite capacity for taking pains." He has spent many months in London, working through the Italian Transcripts at the Record Office, in quest of information

regarding the Irish Martyrs. His copious notes and voluminous reports, while engaged in this task, would furnish material for a couple of interesting volumes, which would form a valuable contribution to Irish history.

It was exceedingly fortunate for the Process that the services of Fr. MacErlean and Fr. Woulfe were accepted by the Archbishop—though he warned me that he did not want "too many witnesses"—on that 5th June, 1916. By July 7, the Articles and other documents were printed, mainly for the use of officials and witnesses, though copies were also sent to Bishops and Provincials. On July 27 a circular was addressed to the Bishops and Provincials, begging them to send me the names of scholars whom they desired to nominate as witnesses on behalf of the Martyrs of their respective dioceses or institutes. During August, the answers came filtering in. Fifteen dioceses sent no reply; four others reported that they had "no suitable person." The fewness of first-class scholars in the domain of Irish history was beginning to grow painfully apparent.

Steps were taken to supply the witnesses with copies of the official volumes known as the *Summarium*, *Informatio*, *Disquisitio*, and *Responsio*. On September 12, in a circular to the witnesses, I tried to explain how the evidence ought to be prepared, and how presented. I insisted, from the outset, that each witness should come with his notes of evidence fully written out and his authorities carefully cited; so that every point should be carefully considered and properly expressed, and that there should be no trusting to the treacheries of memory or to the haphazard inspiration of the moment. In a word, I wanted their work for the Martyrs to be as perfect and scholarly as if it were intended for publication in a high-class historical review. The Archbishop heartily approved of this plan, and was very strict in enforcing its observance. For one thing, it saved him an immense amount of time and trouble. Experience showed that three times more evidence could be taken in a day under the new system

than under the old. The new system was highly efficient, rapid and smooth in its working, but a trifle too rapid for twenty-five witnesses scattered over Ireland. To me it proved a boomerang. For a couple of years, the problem of providing witnesses exactly when they were needed was, indeed, a consuming problem.

By September 27, 1916, a new Index to the *Summarium*, on which Fr. Curran had bestowed incredible pains, was ready for the use of witnesses. Over twenty witnesses were already at work, preparing evidence for the Apostolic Process. Some had been informally invited since April, 1915. Foremost among these was the Rev. W. P. Burke of Cahir, author of *A History of Clonmel* and *Irish Priests in the Penal Times*. As an authority on Irish church history from the Reformation to Emancipation, and especially as an expert on the history of Irish Colleges abroad, Fr. Burke stands without a rival among the Irish clergy. For thirty years and more he has laboured in his chosen field, sparing neither expense nor trouble in his eagerness for accuracy and fulness of information. He has toiled, for months at a time, in the great collections of Dublin, Oxford, and London, and has visited many libraries of the Continent, in quest of documents bearing on the Irish Church of post-Reformation times. Given an appreciative reading public, he might easily have written twenty books instead of two. The fruits of his recent researches on the Elizabethan persecution in Ireland would fill a good-sized volume. On questions of Irish history, he is the most stimulating talker I have ever had the pleasure of listening to. A friend of his once remarked to me that Fr. Burke's ideals are so high, and his methods so thorough, that they leave the ordinary student with a feeling akin to despair.

Fr. Burke was originally invited as the principal witness for Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, but he also consented to deal with a good many Martyrs of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, and thereby rendered

a noble service to the cause. Archbishop Walsh was keenly interested in Talbot's case, and not a little disappointed when it was abruptly shelved at the last moment. He and Cardinal Logue sent a petition to the Holy See, praying that Talbot's name might be added to the list of reputed Martyrs. This petition was supported by Cardinal Vannutelli and granted by the Pope. The cause of Peter Talbot was introduced by decree of February 28, 1917; and on May 31, the Archbishop, with all the official documents in hand, was able to announce the restoration of his predecessor's name to the list of Irish Martyrs.

Five days later saw the formal opening of the Apostolic Process: the beginning of a mighty task, of which the Archbishop was not destined to see the end. The first two sessions were held on the 5th and 8th of June, before a distinguished company, three or four of whom have since passed to their reward. A Capuchin Process had begun in the preceding week, and this led to a suspension of the Apostolic Process until September 17.

The story of this Capuchin Process may be told in a few words. Some months after my appointment, the venerable and genial Fr. Paul, O.S.F.C., informed me that two Capuchin Fathers were believed to have died Martyrs; that the papers regarding them had been placed, many years before, in Fr. Denis Murphy's hands, and had never been heard of since. I suggested, as was natural, that the papers had probably been mislaid after Fr. Murphy's death in 1896; at any rate, it was quite certain that the Capuchin cases had not been so much as mentioned in the Ordinary Process of 1904. The evidence in their favour, of which a copy was sent me, seemed to be quite good so far as it went; sufficient, at all events, to establish a *primâ facie* case for both sufferers. It was deeply regrettable that these cases should have been overlooked, but there seemed to be no way out of the impasse, no means of rectifying the omission. No doubt, the Capuchin

Order might take up the two cases, entrust them to its Postulator-General in Rome, and advance their cause in the usual way. But this would entail a formidable amount of expense; besides, in practice, the co-operation of the Archbishop of Dublin would prove to be essential.

After some days, I hit upon what seemed to be a very forlorn and faint hope. The Archbishop might possibly consent to postpone the Apostolic Process in order to hold a small Ordinary Process for the Capuchin Martyrs; and the Congregation of Rites might possibly be induced to depart so far from its ordinary custom as to examine the evidence in the Capuchin cases as soon as ever it should be translated and sent to Rome; then, if the examination proved favourable, the cause of the Capuchin Martyrs might become an integral part of the larger cause of the Irish Martyrs. This course, if it could be adopted, would mean a vast saving of time and expense. Shortly after suggesting this plan, I received a hint that, if the Congregation of Rites would agree to the proposed arrangement, the Archbishop of Dublin would willingly do his part. To our delighted surprise, the Congregation assented; the necessary official documents came to hand; and the Archbishop opened the Ordinary Process for the Capuchin Martyrs on May 28, 1917. About a dozen sessions were held; the acts were despatched to Rome; the Congregation of Rites nobly kept its word, and the cause of the Capuchin Martyrs was introduced, as an integral part of the Irish cause, in July-August, 1919.[1]

This was but an interlude. The Apostolic Process was resumed on September 17, 1917, when Bishop Donnelly and four others took the oath as witnesses. Further time for preparation was needed, and the Archbishop decided to allow a month's grace. While waiting for the evidence to begin, we may glance at the personnel of the court and survey the ground which the witnesses had to cover.

The Archbishop, of course, was the presiding Judge,

[1] Throughout this article, the word "Martyrs" is used, of course, in a merely popular sense.

and an ideal judge he was. Punctual and imperturbable, he attended 170 of the 210 principal sessions that were held, mainly for the taking of evidence, from the outset of the Process until the eve of his death. Observant and silent, he never intervened, save where intervention was imperatively called for. He saw everything, rarely uttered a word of comment, and never nagged. The one aspect of his character which impressed me most strongly during my five years in his service was this—he was a great judge. He had even the mannerisms of a judge. It was truly said that, had he not been a great Churchman, he would have risen to eminence on the judicial bench.

Old men's minds are apt to run in fossilized grooves; but with Archbishop Walsh it was not so—his mind was astonishingly receptive and elastic to the very end. My own experience was that, when suggestions were offered, he would weigh them with fine impartiality; and if he approved, as he generally did, he would quietly adopt them when the time seemed ripe. He was wonderfully appreciative of good work well done, and his implicit confidence in the members of his staff elicited the best that was in them. When he saw that a man knew his business and discharged its duties conscientiously, he left things absolutely to the man's own discretion. It was no wonder that the feeling which existed among those who were privileged to serve on the Archbishop's staff was a feeling of unbounded loyalty.

The Assistant Judges were Mgr. Fitzpatrick, V.G., Mgr. Dunne, V.G., and Archdeacon Gorman. As the Archbishop himself presided at most of the principal sessions, the services of the Assistant Judges were not often requisitioned, except on state occasions. But to Archdeacon Gorman, in particular, a debt of sincere gratitude is due for his unwearying kindness in presiding at the numerous subsidiary sessions for the collation of evidence. Father Peter Byrne, C.M., one of the Archbishop's oldest friends, became Assistant Judge in January, 1918, and

attended a few sessions. Early in June, 1920, he was present at a full-dress session, at which the acts of the Elizabethan Martyrs were entrusted to me for conveyance to Rome. I well remember his hearty handclasp at parting, and his wishes of "bon voyage." A few weeks later, in Tivoli, I was shocked to learn that he had passed away.

The Assistant Promotors of the Faith, frivolously styled "Devil's Advocates," were Mgr. O'Donnell, D.D., V.G.; Rev. P. J. Walsh, M.A., Professor in Clonliffe College; and Rev. John McGuinness, C.M., Professor in All Hallows College. These learned clerks and gentlemen have attended, in rotation, more than 300 sessions of primary or secondary importance, since the inception of the Apostolic Process. Their office is one of grave responsibility. They are charged to see that all the forms of law are observed throughout the course of the Process. No session, whether for the taking of evidence or for collating the transcript with the original acts, can be validly held without the presence of one of the Assistant Promotors of the Faith.

The chief Notary, who might well be described as the principal architect of the Apostolic Process, was the Rev. M. J. Curran, then secretary to the Archbishop. The services which Fr. Curran rendered to the Irish Martyrs' cause were literally priceless. With such meagre assistance as I could give him, he had to provide for everything, foresee everything, and take part in everything. Under the Archbishop's direction, he had to construct the machine—a vast and delicate piece of mechanism—for working the Apostolic Process. The magnitude of the task may be inferred from the fact that, roughly speaking, the staff of the Apostolic Process, from first to last, has comprised half-a-dozen Judges, with as many Assistant Promotors, seven Notaries, a dozen Translators, some thirty Witnesses, half-a-dozen Scribes, and three experts in Paleography—nearly 70 persons in all. It was no light achievement to assign his proper sphere of work to each

of these, and to keep him constantly employed—but the Archbishop's secretary was more than equal to the occasion. To express the matter differently, Fr. Curran and myself had to act as stage-managers, the witnesses falling to my share, while he took control of the minor officials and of the arrangements generally. We acted in concert, with a perfect understanding, each helping the other as far as possible. No matter what difficulties or perplexities arose, he was always patient, good-humoured, and genial. After working side by side with him for four years—and one could not desire a pleasanter working companion—my honest opinion is that, whatever promotion may be in store for him in the Irish Church, it will not be too good for Fr. Curran.[1]

But I must curb these reminiscences and abandon the attempt to do justice to many willing workers who helped in the cause. Foremost among these were the Notaries, a group of earnest and talented young priests who spent three or four hours every day at Archbishop's House or Clonliffe College, engaged in transcribing, collating, or indexing documents. The Notaries' province is one of steady labour and frequent anxiety. Some idea of their activities may be gleaned from the fact that, within a year and a half from the starting of the Process, 37,000 folio pages of writing paper had been used up by the Notaries and Translators. Fr. Curran's first lieutenant in the office of Notary was the Rev. Patrick Dunne, D.Ph., whose prudence and sound judgment are equalled by his modesty and affability. Fr. Dunne became secretary to the Archbishop shortly before Fr. Curran's promotion to the Vice-Rectorship of the Irish College in Rome. Early in March, 1918, the Rev. Thomas O'Donnell became one of the principal Notaries, and has laboured with untiring diligence ever since. Among the Assistant Notaries were Rev. John Redmond and Rev. Patrick O'Flynn, who still happily fulfil their laborious duties; Rev. Eugene

[1] But for a minute and careful diary, kept by Fr. Curran and continued by Fr. Dunne, this article and the former one could not have been written.

MacSweeney, whose meteoric appearances have been all too rare; and Rev. Francis X. Molony, D.D., a charming young priest who was swept away by the influenza epidemic on October 26, 1918.

The silent workers of the Apostolic Process are the Translators; yet their words will be read and studied when most of us are forgotten. Their duty is to turn the evidence into Latin; and their Latin, whether classical or commonplace, will be set up in the glory of print, enshrined in stately volumes, and preserved in famous libraries. Among the principal Translators were Revs. John Fennelly and John Fitzpatrick, D.D., both of Clonliffe College, who have worthily borne the burdens of the day from the beginning; Rev. Dr. Dargan, also of Clonliffe College; Rev. Dr. D'Alton, of Maynooth College; Rev. William Horan, now of Enniskerry; Rev. William Fitzpatrick, of Terenure; Rev. N. J. Brennan, C.S.Sp., the well-known Latinist of Blackrock College; Rev. R. B. Taylor, now of the International Carmelite College, Rome; Rev. W. Keane, S.J.; Rev. David Gallery, S.J., and Rev. John Ryan, now of Portland Row. All these, in varying degrees, have rendered unostentatious but valuable services to the Irish Martyrs' cause.

The Witnesses—that is to say, scholars who bring forth the fruit of their long researches on behalf of the Martyrs—are the spinal chord of the Apostolic Process. Of a few I have spoken already; the limits of space compel me to be distressingly brief in regard to the others. We had the venerable and cultured Bishop Donnelly; the ever-prompt and copious Fr. James P. Rushe, O.D.C., archivist and historian of his Order; the Rev. Thomas Gogarty, C.C., a scholarly and most useful witness, whose labours were sadly cut short by ill-health. We had Fr. Reginald Walsh, O.P., S.T.M., sometime Professor in Vienna, Maynooth, and Rome, who has devoted the last thirty-five years to an unwearying search for materials concerning the Irish Martyrs. We had Canon Carrigan,

the distinguished historian of Ossory, and Canon D'Alton, the no less distinguished historian of Ireland. We had Fr. J. S. Hickey, O.Cist., Prior of Mount Melleray and author of an esteemed Course of Catholic Philosophy, who displayed uncommon diligence and zeal in following up every clue relating to the Cistercian Martyrs. We had Canon Maguire, D.D., the historian of Raphoe; the late Fr. Joseph McKeefry, P.P., and Rev. Owen MacEleavey, P.P., both keenly interested in Ulster Martyrs, and eager to render useful service in the cause. We had Dr. M. F. Cox, P.C., as witness on the medical aspects of a considerable number of cases, and Prof. James Murnaghan, LL.D., as an expert legal witness. We had Mr. Charles MacNeill, sometime secretary of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, who possesses an extensive and peculiar knowledge of Irish history, and whose editions of the *Liber Niger Alani* and the *Register of the Knights Hospitallers* will form a most valuable contribution to Irish scholarship. The Augustinians were well represented by Fr. L. M. Hughes; and the Franciscans gave us, in the persons of Dr. Gregory Cleary and Fr. Brendan Jennings, two young men of scholarly tastes and high culture. Last but not least, the Rev. Joseph Dwyer of University Church, after doing solid work for some of the Elizabethan Martyrs, is now specialising in the history of Archbishop Talbot.

The experts in paleography were Mr. J. J. Farrelly, a worthy representative of the old race of Gaelic scribes; Mr. T. J. Morrissey, LL.B., Secretary of the Irish Record Office, with experience and ability which admirably qualified him for his task; and Fr. José Maria de Elizondo, a learned and courtly Spanish Capuchin, who was specially selected to deal with Spanish documents.

The Apostolic Process was divided into five Periods, corresponding to the five eras of persecution in Ireland. These were :—

I. Henry VIII to the death of Q. Elizabeth (1537-1603).

II. James I (1603-1625).
III. Charles I (1625-1649).
IV. The Puritan Commonwealth (1649-1660).
V. The Restoration to the death of Q. Anne (1660-1714).

This arrangement possessed several advantages, which need not be specified here. Each Period constituted a distinct Process. Two or more Processes could be carried on successively or simultaneously, but they had to be kept distinct.

Evidence for the Elizabethan Martyrs began to be taken on September 17, 1917, and the work went briskly on, usually at the rate of three sessions a week, from that day forward. Our instructions from the Congregation of Rites were that the evidence concerning each reputed Martyr should be set forth with scientific thoroughness and critical care, and that no likely source of information should be overlooked. This involved a gigantic amount of research. My own ideal was to examine every book and manuscript in the various Dublin collections which seemed likely to throw light on any of the Martyrs, and to send scholars for a similar purpose to the great libraries and archives of England and the Continent. This project met with the generous approval of Archbishop Walsh, thanks, I suppose, to the kindly and enlightened diplomacy of Fr. Curran, though the Archbishop was just the large-minded man to whom such a project would have commended itself at once.

But a seemingly insuperable obstacle stood in the way. By June, 1918, we were bankrupt; we could carry on the Process only by making inroads on the Archbishop's private funds. On October 1, I had to send a circular to the Irish Bishops, appealing for financial assistance and pointing out that the Apostolic Process would cost us about £600 a year, though most of us were voluntary and unpaid workers. At the Maynooth meeting in October, their Lordships gave me a most gracious reception, and

passed my little bill. They appealed to the Irish public for £10,000 : the magnificent response was over £26,000. We were free from financial worries for the future.

In the Christmas recess of 1918 I was sent on a reconnaissance to London and Oxford, and had the good fortune to light upon various items of interest in regard to the Martyrs. As a result, Fr. W. P. Burke was despatched, not long afterwards, on a *voyage littéraire* to Oxford and London, especially to the Carte collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and Fr. Woulfe was commissioned to work steadily through the Italian Transcripts in the Public Record Office, London. How capably these excellent scholars executed their task is well known to those who are connected with the Process.

By June, 1919, the evidence for the Elizabethan Martyrs, and even that for the Jacobean Martyrs, was finished ; and the slow, tedious work of comparing the transcript with the original acts was in full swing. Frs. Burke and Woulfe were already in England. I was despatched to Paris and Lisbon ; Fr. Jennings to Brussels ; Fr. Gregory Cleary to various Italian cities, and afterwards (in company with Fr. Jennings) to Vienna and Prague. Fr. Reginald Walsh was working in London, and Fr. Hughes, O.S.A. in Rome. Later on, Fr. MacErlean, S.J., went to Holland, where he laboured for a year or more. In 1911, Fr. Reginald Walsh had spent a year among the the Spanish libraries in quest of further details concerning the Irish Martyrs. We had thus the consolation of knowing that there was no great library from Lisbon to Prague or from Brussels to Naples that we had left unvisited or unexplored. The results of our various researches would fill volumes ; and it is to be hoped that the volumes will some day be written.

By June, 1920, the Process for the Elizabethan Martyrs was absolutely complete, save for the Scripta, and these could be conveniently sent forward at a later time. The Archbishop commissioned me to take the acts of the

Elizabethan Martyrs to Rome ; and I duly delivered them, safe and intact, to the officials of the Congregation of Rites. Profiting by a three months' stay in Rome, in spite of the sweltering heat, I went carefully through the archives of San Clemente and those of S. Isidore's, and had an opportunity of seeing the splendid collection of Irish extracts made from Roman papers and preserved in the Irish College, mainly through the enterprise of Dr. John Hagan, the present Rector, who is also Postulator of the cause.

By Christmas, 1920, the acts of the Jacobean Martyrs, and the Scripta of Processes I and II, were ready for despatch to Rome ; and Fr. Dunne, the Archbishop's secretary, was sped upon the errand. On his return, after a brief but well-earned and much-needed holiday in Rome, the sittings of Process III were resumed in Dublin. The great bulk of the evidence for those who suffered under Charles I, was safely recorded in the acts when the Archbishop died on April 9.

He left behind him a great work, nobly performed but still unfinished. The Apostolic Process, of which he was the guiding spirit, will prove to be a vast monument of historical research which will redound to the glory of the Irish Church, and be of abiding interest and value for our diocesan and national history, as well as for the history of the Irish Martyrs.

M. H. MacInerny.

ACCENTS: DUBLIN AND OTHERWISE.

BY PROFESSOR ARTHUR E. CLERY.

IT is a dangerous thing to speak of accents. Perhaps that is why people rarely do speak of them. As to the written word, there is infinite debate. And even the broader individuality of word-sounds has a literature of its own. But the all-pervading, all-compelling topic of accent goes unnoticed. Yet accent is an important thing. It watches guardian over frontiers; and, for good or evil, it is the most stern upholder of class distinctions. In the "spot-diagnosis" of social position, clothes hold the first place; accent comes second. Manners are a very bad third. In all countries there is an accent that is thought to equate with spats, another with corduroys. When the lights are out and it is too dark for dress to count—accent takes its place. Of course a careful estimation of pedigrees, bank-accounts and methods of employment may in the end lead to revision of first opinions. But in ordinary life "spot-diagnosis" is what is wanted in most cases. Life is too short to follow a lisp into Burke's Peerage, or to verify a trouser-crease with a banker's reference.

And this is not peculiar to Ireland. Bernard Shaw has devoted a whole play, *Pygmalion*, to the importance of accent as a social test. He represents a London flower-girl transmuted into what is conventionally called "a lady" by a careful attention to her phonetics. And whatever may be the case, there is no doubt that, whether you like it or not, accent in all European countries plays an enormous part in class severance—most of all, perhaps, in those countries where English is spoken. Some of us may feel that we despise social differences. I wonder is there any among us who could say with complete truth that there is no accent whatever upon which he looks down, no accent he dislikes, that to him flower-girl and

princess are phonetic and not social phenomena. His own reasonable accent, I need not say, hits the happy mean between spats and corduroys. In fact, he will even tell you that he speaks "*without accent.*"

To aim at speech without accent is to strive after the unachievable. At most a student of Oxford, or a citizen of Paris or Blois or Ballyvourney may have the good fortune to have his particular linguistic peculiarities accepted as the conventional standard of speech. This is his good luck. But to escape accent altogether is impossible, for accent is the very colour of speech.

A fascinating theory has been put forward by Liam Mac Giolla Bhrighde (Lord Ashbourne) that accent is the one really permanent thing in speech; that France, for instance, still speaks with the Celtic tones of Caesar's Gauls, that the English still have the paleolithic mumble of their stone-age ancestors; whilst if Lord Carson does not speak with the same sharp crackle as Cuchulain, it is only because neither of them were native Ulstermen. The trifling differences between Celtic and Low Latin, between Ulster Irish and Belfast English are, on this view, but passing variations; the imperishable things, the Parisian accent and the Belfast voice, remain to conquer differences of time and tongue. Change their language or their form of government as they will, Belfast and Paris are still governed by the *lex loci* in mode of speech. This is his theory, as I understand it.

It may be that the theory is pushed too far; but it is important as drawing attention to the permanency of speech-sounds in any given locality. That the force of accent is all-pervading is sufficiently apparent. Accent is the *natura* that neither schoolmaster nor anyone else can expel with a rod. And it conquers the parlour and the drawingroom only a shade less readily than the unresisting kitchen. If it is not sucked in with mother's milk, it is imbibed from the first nursery-maid. Even years at school in England, for instance, at most give accent a gloss. They

do not change this underlying substance. Again, take the case of an Englishman with characteristic tones, or a Northern with a strong Ulster accent and, it may be, principles, who comes to live amongst us. His children will inevitably grow up with a Stoneybatter brogue. The younger Jew on the South Circular Road nowadays speaks with a Dublin accent. Even his strong race cannot resist this all-pervading force. And its importance in knitting together those of a common birth, sorting out the stranger, is very great. At the present moment this is especially felt. If every one who landed on our shores could pass for an Irishman !

It is not indeed impossible, in a few cases, to acquire to perfection, like Miss Doolittle in the play, an accent other than your own ; for the sounds of a foreign language can be mastered like its grammar, and even within the same language one could possibly emulate the feat of Shaw's flower-girl. But I question whether a man is capable of real achievement in an accent other than his own, any more than a writer is capable of real achievement in a language other than his own. The exceptions to this latter principle are few indeed. Conrad, and perhaps Maeterlinck, are almost the only writers who have achieved success in a foreign speech. The first quality of effective speech is *naturalness*. The admirable results of our own Abbey Theatre have been achieved by founding elocution on the natural voice. All that vast body of elocutionary and vocal training which is founded on an unnatural pronunciation is really so much waste, a march down a blind alley of sound. Effective speech is like gravel, which will only lie at its natural angle.

What then *is* our natural angle ? There is no difficulty at all in determining what is one's natural accent. It is the accent in which a man speaks when you stick a pin in him, or as he is running to catch a train, or when he is tired and ill. The differences between the natural accents of the several classes in a particular place, so

apparent to the citizens themselves, scarcely count for the stranger. The all-pervading local accent has a distinctiveness from the accent of other places that surpasses any mere differences between the accent of class and class in the same locality. To Cork people, for instance, the accent of the South Mall or the City Club seems a thing different not merely in degree but in kind from that of the Coal Quay. We in Dublin are, I am afraid, inclined to lump them both together as simply the Cork accent. As for our own accent, we are in a very unhappy plight. To put it in its extreme form, one might say that we Dubliners cannot speak any language at all. At least we speak with an accent which neither English nor Irish will recognise. Oxford and Ballyvourney hold our soft inoffensive tones in equal contempt, demanding something more violent and exasperating as the norm of their respective speeches. We, poor Dubliners, say: "Sure, it doesn't matter." They reply with violence that it does, or rather; "It dös," and "ɪr mɔɲ ʌn ʊuɹɹ ɪ" respectively. English speakers won't have us, whilst Irish speakers are most bitter against us, poor Dubliners, who really don't want to injure the Irish language at all.

I heard a very learned professor say the other day that the future of the Irish language lay with Cork Irish spoken with a Dublin accent. And this we are told is not an Irish accent at all. Dublin Irish is a bye-word! The truth is we, men of Dublin, are in the position of a rightful owner who has lost his title deeds. Irish having died out in this city and county, where it was spoken almost within living memory, as late as 1835 at any rate, the validity of our accent as a vehicle of Irish speech is no longer admitted. Yet nothing is more certain than that Irish must have been spoken at least with a County Dublin accent. The accent along the south-east coast does not differ very greatly. A Drogheda accent is very like a Dublin one. When the people of Glenasmole, for instance, spoke Irish in the last century, it must have been with a

Co. Dublin accent. What was the Irish accent of the Irish speakers in Howth, I wonder. "Murryan" Square itself, to give it the correct local pronunciation, enshrines a distinct peculiarity of Leinster Irish, the pronunciation of "bh" with "y" sound instead of a "v" sound. Glasnevin with "d aspirate" pronounced as "v"—Leinster-wise—is another example. Even Dublin city accents must preserve a good deal of Leinster Irish in them. We know that certain Irish words, the schoolboy's "pus" and "gob" and the milkman's "tilly," are still universal in Dublin. "Caise púca" for a fairy mushroom—the English call it a toadstool—is, according to Seosamh Laoide (from whom I have been quoting), in common use near Blanchardstown. I never heard it in South Dublin.

It is notorious that people of the most anti-Irish sentiments make a large use of Gaelic grammar. They speak Gaelic in fact, as M. Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it. They say, "Don't be going on like that," or use absolute constructions introduced by "and," or use "on" (a translation of *air*) as a dative of disadvantage—"He stole the umbrella on me, and I looking at him." I often feel inclined to tell anti-Irish people of this type that their only possible chance of mastering English grammar is to learn Irish. Then they might know what was *not* English at any rate.

But returning to accent, it is probably not beyond the reach of scientific study to recover the Leinster accent of Irish as it once existed; for it must bear the same relation to Leinster English that the Ulster accent of English, for instance, does to the Ulster pronunciation of Irish. The two are, to my ears, almost identical. And many in Ulster who imagine themselves and are perhaps thought in Dublin to have a touch of Scotch in their tones, really speak with a pure Gaelic accent, the accent of Ulster Gaelic. Listen to the next Ulsterman you meet speaking Irish and speaking English. It is certain that Leinster English in the same way must in great measure

preserve the accents of Irish speech. And if these accents were legitimatised after due scientific study, as Irish accents, it would render the study of Irish much easier for the learner in Dublin and in other Leinster centres. The labour would be halved; for we could speak Irish with our natural voices, as Irishmen, feeling the atmosphere of Gaelic all around us. As it is, we are engaged in a perpetual struggle with our surroundings, trying with a bad grace to ape the sounds of Munster, Connacht and Ulster. No one could then point the finger of scorn at Dublin Irish. For Irish is a plant that thrives best in its native soil.

This brings us to the question of Irish accent in English. One could, I believe, put forward few more unpopular suggestions in Ireland than to propose that we speak English with an English accent, as we try to speak French with the accent of Paris or German with the accent of Berlin—not indeed that we often succeed. But as to the degree of Irish pronunciation to be used by an Irishman in speaking English there is by no means equal agreement. Are we to say "awm," "arm" or "arum"; "gleuy" or "glory"; "butcher" or "butt-cher"; "made" or "med"; "caught" or "cot"; "θing" (as Northerns do) or "ƫing" (as Dubliners).

The true English pronunciation is so difficult for all of us as to be, for practical purposes, unusable. So we settle on a compromise according to our surroundings; we accept "cot," for instance, and scornfully reject "med" as vulgar. If we were truly logical, we should try to pronounce English in English fashion, as we essay to pronounce French Frenchwise; for we profess to look on English as a foreign language. But the truth is that in this, as in a good many other matters, we do not carry the doctrine of English being a foreign language to a logical conclusion. Most people like to treat, or at least do treat the English language as a foreign company in which they have some shares. Nominally they reject it entirely; in actual fact they acquiesce in the claim—

and there is a certain amount to be said for it—of an Irish dialect of English, an Anglo-Irish language as (I think) Thomas MacDonagh styled it. This would, of course, be the strongest defence for speaking English with an Irish accent. If English can in any form be *our* language, then we can speak it most naturally with our own local accent. It is the case of Leinster Irish over again. MacDonagh held that it was the Irish pronunciation of English which had made modern Anglo-Irish poetry—poetry like that of Yeats—possible. According to him such a poem as "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" will only give its full savour if read in a method of speech like that in which the French read their own poetry, a method from which the accustomed hammered stresses of English verse are all but excluded. The Englishman hammers the stressed syllable in his verse, and thus makes his poem :—

Of mán's | first dís|obéd|ience ánd | the frúit|
Of thát | forbíd|den trée | whose mór|tal táste.|

In the English of Ireland, as in normal French, stress has scarcely any place ; and thus a beautiful line without stress and without strain, like the verse of France, has been evolved by the modern Irish poet. If the claim is sustainable, it is of course a very important matter ; for the modern Anglo-Irish poet has beyond doubt attained to great heights of beauty both in thought and expression. But such a view involves a changed attitude towards the English language, a claim that we in some sort, in part at least, own the English language instead of its merely, for the present, owning us. Though it has the great weight of Thomas MacDonagh's sincerity and scholarship behind it, such a claim of ownership is, it must be admitted, based on somewhat slender grounds. The case of a permanent Anglo-Irish language, as against a diminishing body of error in the pronunciation of a particular foreign language, English, is not easy to establish. As far as voice and tone go, as distinguished from the mere pronunciation of individual words, MacDonagh's theory does agree with

Mac Giolla Bhrighde's theory of the permanency and individuality of local accent. Indeed in large measure the two theories stand or fall together. Both diverge very far from the accepted doctrine of the Irish language movement, which looks upon English as a wholly foreign language in temporary occupation of Irish mouths.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that even in the South, or rather more in the South than in the North, there is an important section of our population who, and whose ancestors, being of English descent, have never spoken any words except English words, though they have assimilated Gaelic sounds and to some extent Gaelic grammar. Most of the best work that has been done by Irishmen in the English language—and who can deny its splendour—has been done by them, very little by the real native population whose ancestors were Irish-speaking. And even down to our own day Mangan, and perhaps Moore, are the only writers of genius in the English language sprung from a Gaelic-speaking stock. Mangan's greatest poem is a close translation—much closer than most people are aware—of a Gaelic original. Even among living writers the same distinction seems to prevail. Murray, of "Maurice Harte" and "Birthright," may be an exception; but the best of Murray's dialogue is but Irish translated, and the same is often true of Stephens's work. Anglo-Irish literature in which Yeats's poems touch the highest point, is the work of that section of the Irish people whose ancestors were English-speaking and who have always used English words, though they have in the main conformed to Irish sounds. For the rest of us, of Gaelic ancestry, the largest section of the Irish people, we certainly have not learned how to speak English, for we have not acquired its sounds. Still less are we able to write it; its niceties escape us. Like the Chinese with their "pidgin" English, we have merely learnt how to make ourselves understood by a system of mis-pronounced English words, incapable of literary development.

A. E. Clery.

AN IRISH AMBASSADOR AT THE SPANISH COURT, 1569-1574.

BY DANIEL A. BINCHY, M.A.

Part II.[1]

WE left Archbishop MacGibbon waiting patiently, at the Spanish Court, until Philip II came to some decision on the Irish offer. During all this time MacGibbon's movements were secretly watched by the English spy, Huggins, and were reported by him to Sir Henry Norris, the British Ambassador at Paris. The latter had warned the home government of the dangerous consequences that might flow from the Archbishop's activities, and early in 1570 his counsels were reinforced by the arrival of one Matthew, a servant of Huggins, who had been sent by his master to give Cecil a detailed account of affairs in Spain. Matthew was closeted with certain members of the English Council for several hours, and Don Guerau de Spes, Philip's Ambassador in London, contrived to elicit by means of a secret agent the burden of his information, which he duly forwarded to the king. Amongst other things, wrote Don Guerau, Huggins had stated that "on the advice of the Archbishop of Cashel you were about to arrange to seize the island of Ireland." [2] But already MacGibbon had grown suspicious of Cecil's agent, and determined to discover his real character. A number of the spy's letters were intercepted, and fell into the Archbishop's hands, who lost no time in bringing the matter before the Council.[3] Huggins, according to

[1] For Part I. see September issue.

[2] *Span. Cal.*, 1568-79, p. 247.

[3] Huggins to Norris, Aug. 12, 1570 (*For. Cal.*, 1569-71, p. 316).

himself, "had been well paid and used" until the Archbishop's coming; but the Irish envoy had secured the withdrawal of his pension.

This was only the beginning of his misfortune. During the remaining months of the year 1570 the English Council were without his punctual reports of Spanish affairs, and the complete silence maintained by Huggins inclined them to believe that this accomplished traitor had once more played them false. It was not until January of the next year that they were reassured by letters from him to Burghley and Walsingham which revealed the true cause of his disconcerting silence. "Being suspected of giving information of such practices as the Archbishop of Cashel went about with others to persuade the King of Spain to invade Ireland," he was "straitly imprisoned" for 47 days. This was undoubtedly the result of MacGibbon's representations, reinforced by the warnings of Philip's ambassador in London. Under the stress of prison treatment the wretch fell seriously ill, and on his recovery received a peremptory order to leave Spain within twenty days under pain of death.[1] The comparative clemency which was shown to him was probably due to Philip's lingering desire for an amicable understanding with Elizabeth.

Huggins, however, was the least of the Archbishop's troubles. It was but natural that his enemies, the English, should spy upon him and endeavour to thwart his activities by every means in their power. But he was now faced with danger from a very different quarter—from the very men whose cause he had been sent to champion. It was a year since he had set out upon his mission, attended by the prayers and good wishes of the insurgents, and with high hopes of immediate success. Twelve months had passed, and the prospect of Spanish aid seemed as remote as ever. For this delay MacGibbon was in no way responsible; he had striven conscientiously

[1] *For. Cal.*, 1569-71, pp. 390, 394.

to secure assistance, but to goad the sluggish king into action was too great a task for any man. The Irish chiefs, however, being far removed from the scene of these negotiations, were unable to appreciate the difficulties which beset the path of their ambassador; they attributed Philip's inaction to the Archbishop's neglect of his duties, and on his shoulders they laid all the blame for the failure of their cherished projects. Their position was indeed becoming desperate. In the firm expectation of help from a sovereign, whose political and religious interests so closely coincided with their own, they had pitted their small forces against the might of England; and now it seemed as if Philip would abandon them to the wrath of Elizabeth, thus leaving them no option between death and a dishonourable submission. Already they had heard with the gravest misgivings of the tentative peace negotiations between England and Spain. Should these materialise into a definite treaty, they knew beyond all doubt that they and their followers would be thrown to the winds. To make matters worse they had refused all overtures from the enemy, even those made by the English Catholic insurgents of 1569, so sure were they of securing independence under a prince of the royal house of Spain. They were thus left without a single friend except the Spanish nation, and even on that they could no longer rely. More than all others they blamed their unfortunate envoy, and in the archives at Simancas is an important letter written by them to MacGibbon, who is severely taken to task for his remissness. This document, dated from Tralee, May 4, 1570, is of supreme interest, not for its criticisms of the poor Archbishop, but as evidence of the growing desire of the chieftains for complete separation from England.

It is impossible [they begin] to say how we marvel that in all this time you have not dispatched that for which you were sent; this delay has wrought us much evil, for by this time we might have gained many victories over our enemies. We cannot trust

the English, whatever securities they offer; *between mortal enemies no security is secure.* The English have always taken occasion to invade us in time of peace, in which time they are as powerful in Ireland as they are in England. At the time of our writing this, we were so wearied with you that we thought of writing to the king to complain of your slowness in the service of your country; but now we ask you to delay no longer in procuring his aid, otherwise we must make peace. We have with us two of the principal of those nobles who lately rose in England, seeking our friendship, and proposing things to which we cannot agree without first asking the king, to whom we have sworn fidelity.

Alluding to the negotiations for peace between England and Spain, they continue:—

This is only to deceive him and to divert his aid from us, and the proposal is not for his good but for his harm. We, therefore, after deliberation together, depute you to speak to the king that we may have his brother, Don John of Austria, for our king. We have written to Don John in this sense; and if he accepts, as soon as he sets foot in Ireland, we will all be dutiful subjects.

The letter then proceeds to describe the miserable state of Ireland in her present condition of disunion—"without a king, and divided amongst ourselves, the English rob us daily." And the chieftains conclude with an earnest request to use all haste in this matter, lest they be forced into a disgraceful peace.[1]

The significance of the last passages in this letter is apparent, and will be dealt with in a future article. At present we are concerned with its strictures upon MacGibbon. The Archbishop's feelings can be easily imagined; at the end of a year's unremitting labour for Ireland, he finds himself regarded with displeasure, if not actual suspicion, by those whose cause he was pleading; he is held responsible for a delay which was due solely to the Fabian tactics of Philip II. But even worse was to follow. Spied upon by the English, abused by his fellow-countrymen, he was now to be visited with the grave displeasure of his ecclesiastical superiors in Rome.

[1] Tomas Gonzales: *Apuntamientos para la Historia del Rey Felippe* II. (1832), *Documenti* No. X. (London Library).

In the Irish memorial presented to Philip a special clause had provided for the approval of the Papacy before any definite action was taken. It was probably assumed, however, that the Pope's consent would be the merest matter of form in an enterprise of this kind for the cause of Catholicism. MacGibbon, accordingly, without waiting for any notification from Rome, had interviewed the king and conveyed to him the Irish offer. To us, as we read, it seems impossible to blame him; had the relations between the Vatican and the Spanish Court been normal, the Pope would have joyously assented at the earliest possible moment. Unfortunately, however, the Irish mission had coincided with a number of incidents which had left Pius V and his beloved son of Spain on the coldest of terms. In matters of religion Philip's actions were not always in accordance with his devout protestations. Only recently the papal territory of Tivoli and Astia had been occupied by the armed troops of this man who was pleased to style himself the instrument of God for the defence of Holy Church. His conduct towards Elizabeth, despite the angry representations of the Vatican, proved that like all European monarchs he was inclined to subordinate religious to political interests. He had refused to assist the rebellion in favour of Mary Stuart, the Catholic claimant to the throne of England; and Pius was not likely to consent to the dismemberment of the kingdom which he hoped she might one day enjoy, in favour of the lukewarm prince who had declined to move hand or foot in her cause.

The position became still more complicated when on the first of July, 1570, the thunderbolt of excommunication was launched against the heretic English queen. The Catholic king had not been consulted upon this step, and when it was made known to him, he expressed his utter disapproval in no uncertain voice.

His Holiness [he wrote to Guerau de Spes in London] has taken this step without communicating with me in any way, which

certainly has greatly surprised me, because my knowledge of English affairs is such that I believe I could give a better opinion upon them and the course that ought to be adopted under the circumstances than anyone else. However, since His Holiness allowed himself to be carried away by his zeal, he no doubt thought that what he did was the only thing requisite for all to turn out as he wishes.[1]

To Alva he spoke even more plainly; and finally, when the Bull arrived in Spain and Flanders, he prohibited its publication. The bewilderment with which Rome witnessed these astounding proceedings was succeeded by a feeling of lively animosity against Philip, and for a time it seemed that nothing could avert a breach.

The Irish envoy, therefore, though in complete ignorance of the fact, was fishing in very troubled waters. On his arrival in Madrid, he had written to Pius V an enthusiastic account of his mission and the devotion of Ireland to the Apostolic See, whose approval and benediction he craved in this undertaking. Mgr. Castagna had also befriended him, and received a copy of the Irish petition. The slowness with which Rome moves is traditional, but in this case the Vatican's lengthy silence could scarcely be attributed to natural causes. Month after month rolled by and still no answer came, until even the sanguine Archbishop became uneasily aware that all was not well with his cause. In point of fact, Rome was content to play a waiting game, unwilling to commit itself until Philip's policy in religious matters could be seen in clearer outline. The excommunication of Elizabeth and the king's subsequent conduct at length brought matters to a head. Here, thought the Vatican statesmen, was an excellent opportunity of showing this refractory son of the Church that his high-handed action might bring very awkward consequences. On the 26th of August, therefore, Mac-

[1] *Span. Cal.*, 1568-79, p. 254.

Gibbon received the long-expected answer in the shape of a letter from Cardinal Alciato, the contents of which were by no means calculated to ease his mind.

> Most reverend brother in Christ [wrote the Cardinal], in accordance with the letter which you were good enough to write to me, I have informed our most holy Lord that the Irish nobles have begun negotiations with a view to placing themselves under the rule of the Catholic king; that they had previously commissioned you to seek assistance for them; and that you have now been authorised in their name to pledge obedience to the said king and to promise the fulfilment of all his commands. The Sovereign Pontiff is amazed that such an innovation should be entered upon without any permission whatsoever; it might easily have been remembered that the kingdom of Ireland is under ecclesiastical dominion as a fief, and hence cannot be subjected to another ruler save by the Pontiff. He, in order to guard the lawful rights of the Church, has in consequence refused to write such letters to the king as you ask. However, if the king himself should make supplication to have the sovereignty of that kingdom handed over to him, as far as I can judge, I believe the Pope will not deny it to him. Farewell in Christ the Lord.[1]

That was all. But the letter in its curt brevity was sufficient intimation that the Pope had no intention of ratifying the Irish offer to the Spanish king, until Philip should descend from his haughty position and sue for the favour like any servant of the Church. In his present temper, there was little likelihood of his doing so; and so it seemed as if the Irish cause was to be shipwrecked on the rocks of Spanish-papal disagreement. The envoy, who had expected nothing but the warmest approval and commendation, found himself sharply rebuked for his lack of respect for the Apostolic See, and his suit for papal sanction summarily dismissed. The chances of foreign aid were more diminished than ever, and Elizabeth might congratulate herself upon a fresh stroke of good fortune which had embroiled her two most for-

[1] *Spic. Oss.*, I. 64.

midable adversaries in a bitter quarrel, and had thus given her government in Ireland a new lease of life.

The Archbishop himself was filled with dismay. It was bad enough that his attempt to stir the King of Spain into action should have been completely unsuccessful, that English spies should reveal his plans, that the Irish chiefs should unjustly blame him; now, to fill his cup of bitterness to overflowing, came the censure of his ecclesiastical superiors. As an Irishman the effect upon the fortunes of his country of Rome's emphatic refusal, was sufficient to overwhelm him with the most lively apprehensions; as a cleric further terrors were added by the thought that the Pope, as a mark of his extreme displeasure with the Irish, might depose him from the See of Cashel and suspend him from his priestly functions. To increase his difficulties, he had no knowledge of the strained relations between Philip and Pius V, and hence the apparently unreasonable attitude of the latter must have occasioned him no little annoyance. However, there was but one course to adopt; to make an abject apology and recantation, and at the same time to attempt to justify the Irish action and to beseech the Pope to give it a belated benediction.

MacGibbon's reply to Cardinal Alciato is dated the 29th of July, and affords ample evidence of the writer's state of mind. It begins with an expression of gratitude for the Cardinal's kindness, and then proceeds as follows:

> I have, nevertheless, been greatly dismayed to learn from your letter that the supreme Pontiff disapproves of the decision of the Irish nobles to hand over to his Catholic Majesty that kingdom which "is under ecclesiastical dominion as a fief." Most assuredly the Irish did not intend to deprive the Pope of his rights in coming to this decision, but rather to free themselves from the grievous yoke of English tyranny. Is not England itself also a fief of the Church? None the less, however, the decrees of the Pope himself and the Holy Council of Trent have given permission to any prince who is willing to seize the sovereignty of England by force of arms. For my own part, I was always of the opinion that the Supreme

Pontiff, on hearing the nature of my mission, would be most willing to exhort the Catholic king to undertake so blessed an enterprise. Are we to wait, then, until his Holiness delivers us from the hands of the English ? Or the King of France, who can scarcely defend his own possessions ? What other Catholic prince, I ask you, is more powerful than the Spanish monarch ? Who of their number is more Catholic, more pious, and more obedient to the Pope ? Or who at the present time has a better opportunity of executing this project ? Assuredly, if Ireland had known that his Holiness was able to liberate her from the jaws of the English, she would never have sought any ruler other than the Supreme Pontiff himself. And at all events, who, I ask, can rightly blame a prisoner for being willing to secure his liberty by any means in his power. . . .

But you will say that all this is beside the point. You will say that whoever wishes to obtain the crown of Ireland must first petition the Pope for it ; and I gladly admit it, nor do I doubt that the Catholic king will do so. Nevertheless it is to my mind unfair to attribute any disloyalty to the Irish because they have promised to surrender themselves and all their possessions to the Catholic king. By what other means could they have induced so busy a monarch to lend them aid ? And such is his piety and humility that I know he would not accept without the Pontiff's consent. And I would have your Illustrious Lordship know that, unless we are immediately assisted either by the Catholic king or some other Christian prince, affairs will have reached such a pass that, even if they wished to do so, neither Pope nor Spaniard nor Frenchman will be able to remedy them. Indeed so vastly have the English increased in power and resources—particularly by their treaty and alliance with the princes and states of Germany —that an unprecedented catastrophe threatens not only Ireland, but also Scotland, France, Flanders, and the whole of Europe.

However, if his Holiness wish that I should cease from my mission, I will do so with alacrity as befits his most obedient servant ; I will return home and prepare my neck for the axe, as must many others also unless Providence sends us help from elsewhere. I beseech your Illustrious Lordship to write me with all speed, acquainting me with his Holiness' decision in the matter, whether he wishes the king to help us or not, and what he desires me to do ; for I must needs shortly return to my native land to watch over the flock who have been committed to my charge.

The letter concludes with a request that another pallium be forwarded from Rome in place of his former

one, which is in the hands of the English ; it will be more convenient if both the pallium and the papal answer be sent through Secretary Gayas, " who shares the state secrets of the Catholic king." [1]

The humility and devotion of this reply—although here and there MacGibbon could not resist a touch of irony at the Pope's attitude—was perhaps sufficient to reassure his spiritual superiors. No answer, however, was vouchsafed to him ; the Vatican was again content to wait for further developments in the European situation, and though the relations between both courts were still by no means cordial, MacGibbon was not ordered to desist from his mission in Madrid. In the next year the battle of Lepanto did much to heal the unfortunate breach ; and the death of the uncompromising Pius V in 1572, followed by the accession of a more politic ruler, Gregory XIII, marked the complete renewal of amicable relations between Philip and the Papacy. The threatened storm was thus averted, and Ireland was once more free to make overtures to the Spanish king. Before this settlement was reached, however, the conduct of Irish affairs had passed from the hands of Maurice MacGibbon.

How deeply the Archbishop was moved by all these unlooked-for events may be easily imagined. In desperation he resolved to make a further appeal to Philip, this time couched in stronger language than he had hitherto ventured to use. In a memorandum presented to the king on July 26, 1570, he re-stated the Irish case and Philip's conduct in regard to it in terms which can hardly be styled diplomatic.

I understand that the English, after having done us all the harm they could, wish to make peace with your Majesty, which is with no other intention than that they may be able, after the peace is concluded with your Majesty, to treat us more freely by doing all the mischief they wish against us. These injuries, which will be felt by all in general, will be more terrible for myself, because our

[1] *Spic. Oss.*, I. 64-66.

chieftains have had great confidence in your Majesty, and I have written many times encouraging them to resist the English, assuring them that your Majesty would not fail to send assistance, as I was told by the Cardinal and other men of high position in the name of your Majesty. We have refused on this account, many times, the pardon the English have offered us for the past, telling us to enjoy our goods and lands as before, on condition we would be of their opinion, and recognise Her Majesty as sovereign and queen. Neither can your Majesty conscientiously refuse to send us some assistance in virtue of the promises made through me by your Majesty, and that without delay, as we have already been kept in suspense for one year and three months; for, you must hold in mind that your Majesty is the Catholic king, having received that name from your ancestors for the increase of the Catholic faith, by favouring the cause of Catholics.

MacGibbon then proceeds to discuss the most practical method of fulfilling these promises. If His Majesty fears to intervene openly, he can at least, "in an underhand manner, send some assistance to our chieftains in arms and men." This is the best season of the year; and, moreover, if help is not forthcoming within three months it will be altogether useless, for the English will have secured all the ports of Ireland. Hence "the whole success depends on celerity, for your Majesty will be able to do with 10,000 men and a little expense, what you will not afterwards be able to accomplish with 100,000 men and all available power." The Archbishop concludes on an uncompromising note :—

If it does not please your Majesty to send prompt assistance, as I was promised by the Cardinal and other noblemen in your Majesty's name, I request your Majesty to grant me the favour of allowing me to return to my native land, that thus I may discharge my conscience of a great weight, and apologise to my brethren for my delay by testifying my willingness to die for the Catholic faith and for the liberty of my country. My remaining here would only serve to increase the expenses of your Majesty without any benefit to myself or my country.[1]

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[1] *Spic. Oss.*, I., 62-64.

This letter was written on an important occasion; for MacGibbon believed that not only was the hour for Spanish aid at hand but also the man to lead it. A month before an English ship, the *Trinity*, of Bridgewater, had put into the port of Vivero in Galicia, bringing to Spain one of the most extraordinary adventurers of whom history holds record, a man who deceived Irish, English, and Spanish alike, and who before many months had elapsed was destined to hound the luckless Irish envoy from Philip's court and usurp his place in the counsels of the Irish and the Catholic king. But the story of Thomas Stukely, "Duke of Ireland," must await a further article.

D. A. Binchy.

BEETHOVEN'S HYMN TO JOY.

(After Robert de Bonnières.)

GREAT heart austere, that never heard again
Clear sounding horn nor silver-voicéd flute,
To whom the clavier idle seemed and mute—
Thy magic fingers coaxed its chords in vain:
Willing to live in solitary pain,
Surely thy spirit saw in vision clear
The bodiless soul of Harmony appear,
No more distraught by the world's noise and bane?
With love of the sole Art that never dies
Fearless thou readst the silence of the skies:
Loosing thy genius at its passionate height,
As Dante knelt, facing Eternity,
Dying thou singest—would we could sing with thee!—
Creation's song of infinite Delight.

George Noble Plunkett.

MY FATHER'S FIELDS.

HERE are the fields which were his pride,
Where in the golden weather
I and my father, side by side,
Roamed the sweet hours together.

And all around the mountains spread,
And the lark sprang above them—
The darling hills of pearl and jade,
And who could choose but love them?

The grass was higher than our knees,
And fed with tinkling water.
God knows how grew there the heartsease
For father and for daughter.

Long time, with blue and quiet eyes,
He'd watch his cattle feeding,
And with few questions, few replies,
The happy time went speeding.

O very good the love they had
When they two walked together.
Now he in Paradise fields is glad,
And she in the rough weather.

Only his fields are yet the same,
His fields have a new master,
And there is no one of his name—
Alas, the sad disaster!

A stranger has his house, his chair,
And if she would be comin'
They'd ask, Why is she standing there?
And who's the stranger woman?

I shall not look another day
On fields that were my father's;
Over the stranger's fields the grey,
The autumnal twilight gathers.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

"BUT PETER WAS KEPT IN PRISON.

CAUGHT in the senses' treacherous five-fold mesh,
And bound by double chain, I captive lie
In mortal bondage, prisoner in the flesh
Until what time one hales me forth to die.

Two files of soldiers guard my prison strait . . .
Habit and circumstances . . . and others stand
On watch before the inner ward and gate,
Temptation's weapon ready to the hand.

Faint and remote an echo to me falls,
(Or is it memory, waked by my need ?)
Pinions unseen beat on the dungeon walls,
And far sweet voices for me intercede.

I join my deprecation to that prayer . . .
" Out of the deep, O Lord, out of the deep . . ."
And it is night . . . my tears and my despair
Unheeded by the guards that near me sleep.

As lightning in a narrow darksome place
God's opportunity strikes suddenly,
Uplifts weak nature, bids take heart of grace
And quickly rise. Then, from my bonds set free,

Girded by penance, with repentance shod,
I follow, mazed, the vision of the Lord,
Clad in the garment of the grace of God ;
Till I pass, swiftly, first and second ward

Unto the iron gate of union, Death,
Opening of itself, to shut no more,
Through Purgatory's span, and, in a breath
Come to myself before the Great White Door.

There, at the wicket, one who quests my name
Cries out for very joy . . . and up the height
Voices angelic, answering, acclaim
The entry of a spirit into light! M. S. Jerome.

A MOONLIGHT SONATA.

SLOWLY the moon is climbing
Her golden tower,
Whose silver bells are telling
The sunset hour.
Gently their notes are falling
Through the purple haze;
I can hear them fill the valleys,
While the night delays.

Softly the moon is fingering
Her silver lyre,
Making strange elfin music
Of her soul's desire.
Dreamily one note floating
Fills the earth with song;
I can hear its echoes falter,
While night lingers long.

Sadly the moon is leaving
Her bower of white;
Her songs are stilled in the splendour
Of the hymns of light.
From her lonely heart is exiled
One glorious sigh;
I can hear it stir the roses,
While the night steals by.

Alice Colly.

UNPUBLISHED IRISH POEMS.

XVI.—A Lovers' Quarrel.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR OSBORN BERGIN, PH.D.

This poem, which may be called an exercise on the Terentian *amantium irae amoris integratiost*, is anonymous in the only copy known to me (23 I 40, R.I.A.). It evidently belongs to the sixteenth century, but I cannot identify the lady for whom it was written. Her father's name, Cú Chonnacht, was borne by more than one chief of the Maguires. In the MS. it follows a number of love-poems ascribed to Maghnus O Domhnaill, and O'Curry assumes that this poem is by the same author. Maghnus, chief of his clan from 1537 to 1563, was a noted poet (see Professor O'Rahilly's *Dánta Grádha*), and the compiler of the Life of Colum Cille, a beautiful specimen of Early Modern Irish prose. In a few cases I have silently marked aspirations and accents. There are some obscure lines, which would doubtless be clear if we had other copies of the text.

1. Cara agus eascara in fhearg,
maith is[1] saith dúsgadh díbhearg :
ga hobar[2] dhíbh nach doiligh ?
sídh is cogadh[3] cumhdoighidh.

2. Gnáth ar ttosach ag teacht di
fuaradh carad fa chéili.
a bruth go ttabhuir a theas,
guth 'na haghuidh ní háineas.

3. Gidh eadh, ní turnamh toile
fearg an aosa hionmhoine :
'na dheaghuidh as daingne a ngrádh,
deadhuil[4] chaingne na ccumpán.

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[1] *om.* MS, [2] hobuir MS. [3] coga MS. [4] deaghuil MS.

4. Ar bfearg anois dá nós sin
re Máire inghean Még Uidhir:
créd sin acht snadhmadh andsa?
mo chin d'adhnadh m'iodhlannsa.

5. Do báidheadh gris ar ngoimhe,
táinig teas ar n-ionmhoine:
d'éis ar ndíbheirge is teó ar ttoil,
breó ar bfírfheirge ros fuaraigh.

6. Ar bhfearg mhór ní mór a suim,
mairg do loitfeadh láimh eadruinn:
budh roidheithnios gráidh ar ngoimh,
táir ar gcoimheighthios cogoidh.

7. Comhradh leanb[1] ar luaidheadh thrín,
cluiche[2] is gáire ar nglór eissídh,
focal coirmdhighe thrá ar ttreas,
ar lá oirbhire is áineas.

8. Ní bheanfa aimhleas no olc
ormsa inghean Con Connocht,
gnúis charthonach gan chailg n-aor,
ón marthonach mairg macaomh.

9. A gnúis[3] bhláith go mbriocht toile,
cáruid[4] cholpthadh sneachtoidhe,
tuar maithmhighe a silleadh so,
filleadh ainchridhe ionnto.

10. Banfhlaith shíl gColla dá Chrích,
turnadh cáich[5] re hucht n-eisíth,
dreach édána is uille bladh,
buime a[6] n-égára d'iomchar.

Cara agus eascara.

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[1] leanba MS. [2] cluithe MS. [3] ghnúis MS. [4] a caruid MS.
[5] cháich MS [6] *om.* MS.

Translation.

1. Anger is a friend and an enemy, both good and ill is the awakening of quarrels : it contains peace and war—which of these works is not hard ?

2. At first there is wont to come from it the cooling of friends one towards the other. Till its fever grows cool (?) a reproach against it is not pleasant.

3. And yet the anger of lovers is no lowering of affection : firmer is the love of comrades after the breaking of their covenant.

4. So now our anger against Máire, daughter of Mág Uidhir—what is that but a bond of love ? Welcome to the kindling of my outburst !

5. The burning of our pain has been quenched ; the warmth of our love has come ; after our quarrel our affection is warmer ; the flame of our indignation has grown cold.[1]

6. Our great anger matters little ; it were pity for any to hurt his hand (intervening) between us : our pain was the overhastiness of love, our violent estrangement was a trifle.

7. All that we uttered was childish talk, our discordant voices were only play and laughter, our fight was mere words at ale-drinking, our day of upbraiding is a pastime.

8. Cú Chonnacht's daughter will not charge me with hurt or harm—kindly face never stung by satire, which makes youths to sigh unceasingly.

9. Her smooth face with love-charm, two snowy ankles—the sight of these is an omen of forgiveness, in them is the turning aside of ill-will.

10. Princess of the race of Colla dá Chrích,[2] who pacifies all in face of enmity (?), gentle countenance mightiest in fame, nurse who carries their[3] wrongs.

Osborn Bergin.

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[1] *ros fuaraigh* = *do fhuaraigh* ; the *s* has lost all pronominal force, but is sometimes used in verse to prevent the aspiration of *f*. In this sense it is technically called *sealbhadh úama* 'pronoun of alliteration.'

[2] The youngest of the three Collas who finally broke the Ultonian power in the fourth century. From him the Maguires claimed descent.

[3] Or "our," reading *ar* ; the text is doubtful.

THE LONG WAIT.

BY FLORENCE M. HACKETT.

HER head was bent down on her outstretched arm, her fingers played with the woollen mat under the lamp. After a time she raised her head wearily, looked around her, stretched her arms, and shivered. The lamp burned dimly, there were flies fluttering around it. The girl—she was hardly more—turned to look at the clock. She got up and moved wearily towards it,—a quarter to twelve.

"Heavens, is that all it is!" She looked at herself in the glass over the mantelpiece and tried to smooth back her thick black hair.

"Maybe it'll be an hour or two more before he's back." She leaned wearily against the mantelpiece. The black marble clock caught her eye, with its gold plate inscription. She read it slowly and out loud, her voice sounding strangely in the quiet room—"Presented to Kate Cullen on the occasion of her wedding to Timothy Prendergast, from a few well-wishers in Kylemore Parish."

How that brought it all back! How pleased she had been, how young she was, how little she knew; and now she looked back at herself in the glass—the lines in her face, and she only twenty-two! Tears of self pity sprang to her eyes. She brushed them away. Crying wouldn't mend matters; she had cried her share, and much good it had done her. She was married now for better or worse—for worse surely, and there was no way out. She thought it out as she had thought it out often before. Go back to her own home? No; there'd be no welcome

for her there. Wasn't her mother always boasting and bragging in Kylemore of the good match she had made? Go out and earn her bread? She couldn't do that either, till the child was reared anyhow; and, who could tell, maybe there'd be another coming before then. She moved impatiently, and something fell with a clatter into the fender—her rosary beads. She picked it up and laid it back. She was in no mood for prayers to-night. "Let them that's happy pray," she said.

She moved to the lamp to lower it a bit, to make it last, her head on one side. She listened, but not a sound she heard outside.

She moved to the door, along down the passage to the kitchen. A stream of light met her eyes as she opened the door. Seated by the fire was a young, red-haired country girl, who half turned round as her mistress entered. The girl rubbed her eyes, heavy with sleep, and yawned noisily.

"Lizzy, girl, didn't you go to bed yet?" A softness crept into Kate's voice as she spoke. She knew the affection for herself that kept the girl out of bed.

"No, Mam, I didn't like. Is himself in yet?" As she spoke she knew the question to be foolish. "Sure, we'd hear him if he was," she added, still yawning and rubbing her eyes.

"We would, indeed. But, Lizzy, you'll be dead, and you having to get up so early too. The night is chilly. Is there a drop of water in the kettle? I'm longing for a drop of tea."

"Sit here, Mam; I'll make it. I kept the water hot, thinking you'd like it. Bill Nolan was over about the fair, Mam, and he was telling me there's great talk in the village about a new law the Military are after bringing out. We'll all have to be in the house at eight, he says. I was laughing at him."

"It's true enough, Lizzy. There's talk of that." Her voice grew bitter. "Curfew they call it. Much good it'll

do us. I'd like to see the Curfew that'd get Tim Prendergast in by eight. Here's the tea canister. Listen; is that the clang of the gate?"

Still alert and listening, she raised the teapot into which she was about to put the tea, when there came a loud knocking on the door. Her face blanched with fear. "Quick, child, let you go to bed before he comes. He'll be very drunk to-night. I'll let him in."

But Lizzy, now wide awake, seemed suddenly to grow up.

"Sit down, Mam. I'll let him in. I'll settle him; I'm not afraid of him or his cursing."

Pushing her mistress aside, she was through the door. She stopped when she reached the hall. It wasn't like the master outside. She heard the noise of rifles, the crunch of many feet on the gravel. Quick as a flash she was back in the kitchen.

"It's not himself, it's the soldiers, Mam." She waved her arms wildly. "Let you open the door; say you're alone. The boys are over at Nolan's. I must warn them" —and she was gone out through the window of her little room, panting with excitement.

"'Twas God done it that I wasn't asleep in bed." The soldiers weren't round to the back yet. Once as far as the hay-yard she was safe. "Holy Mother of God, help me. St. Joseph . . ." On she stumbled in the dark, through gap, through field. Only another field, along by the hedge. Ah, it was reached at last, nearly. She fell staggering in a hole. Oh, God, would she ever be there; it was so far, so far in the dark. Ah, she was nearly there now. No sign of soldiers yet, thank God. A sharp bark of a dog.

"Here, Shep, Shep; it's me, lie down. Good dog." Shep wagged his tail; he was satisfied, he recognized his friend, and ceased barking. She stooped for a few small stones to fling at the window. Half beside herself with fear, she saw a light inside.

"The fools, the fools," she muttered. "They'll see it from the road." The light went out instantly.

"Who's there?" a voice said from the window.

"Quick, it's me, Lizzy. Let me in quick. How long, in the name of God, will you keep me?"

In a few moments the door opened—it seemed hours to the waiting girl. The faint glow from the hearth was all the light. Ah, she was right, two men were there sure enough, men on the run. Her haste was not in vain.

"Get out of here, boys, quick. They're after you, the soldiers; they're down at Prendergast's. Go quick, for the love of God."

Hurriedly the men put on their shoes. A few muttered words, and with a "God love you, Lizzy," they were gone out into the darkness of the night; for to stay meant death, perhaps worse. The old man who stood in his night shirt shivered. "Begor, it's queer. It beats me how them lads got dressed so quick," he said.

"You daft ould fool," said his wife, made contrary with the fright she got. "There's few men in Ireland, I'm telling you, sleeps out of their clothes these times."

Lizzy interrupted. "Whisht now; let you two get back to bed quick." Her breath still came rapidly; she was plainly uneasy.

The old couple moved towards the door of the little room leading off the kitchen. The old woman turned when she reached it; queer and untidy she looked with her loose grey hair, her red petticoat, an old coat over her shoulders, her bare feet sticking out.

"When they come, them divils, what'll I say about the bed in the loft the boys were lying on?"

"I'll stay. Look!" Lizzy had lost no time. Even now her shoes were unfastened, and as she spoke she made for the ladder leading to the loft. "Get into bed quick; they may be here any minute now. Don't light the candle, on your life."

When she reached the loft, she carefully groped her

way to the window. Taking off her skirt, she put it up against it, fastening it to the sash. She cautiously lit a match and looked around. Thank God, there was nothing left even in their haste. They were too used to being on the run. Into bed she crept, but not to sleep. She heard the clock ticking in the kitchen. A long time seemed to pass.

"Let them come whenever they like now."

A glint of light. She reached her hand out from her bed and pulled down her old skirt. The dog outside started barking loudly. The light, again flashing in, lit up the room. She smiled to herself—"The boys had some start, whatever." There was no fear in her heart now.

She got out of the bed at the sound of the knocking. She saw Mrs. Purcell cross the kitchen to open the door.

"Who is it? What do you want?"

"Open the door."

"Sure there's no one here. Oh, I'll open it, never fear."

She delayed as long as possible, pulling back the wooden bolt.

"There's only a young girl and an ould man here. Sure it's not them you're after." The soldiers poured in.

"Who lives here?" the officer asked sharply.

"Miles Purcell, I'm telling you, and meself, Mary Anne, his wife, and Lizzy Dunne, a young girl who's stopping here this start back . . . Lizzy, Lizzy, come down, child, there's soldiers here."

Lizzy came to the loft door and started down the ladder. The rungs hurt her bare feet. The first face she saw when she got to the ground set her heart hammering. The sergeant of Police who had lived in the village before the barrack was burned. Great God, she never thought of that, of his being here! The sergeant looked at her and glanced away, never saying a word. She crossed to the fire-place, where the old man and woman were seated. The old man had a dull anger in his heart.

"Queer times, queer times," he muttered. He was afraid for his wife and the cross tongue in her head. If she spoke at all, maybe it's a bullet she'd get through her body. But he had no need to fear. Mary Anne turned her attention to the fire; the night was cold and they half dressed.

"Hand me a few colm balls and that bit of briss there; that'll be grand after a start." She took no more notice of the soldiers than if they had never been born.

"Lizzy, girl, draw the coat around you. Wisha, wisha! It's queer times when innocent people can't sleep in their beds at night."

The soldiers were suspicious of her actions at the fire. They bade her stand back while they searched the fire-place, the chimney. At last it was over. Nothing had been found. The search was over—tell the truth, there wasn't much to search in the place. The sergeant of Police never spoke; he was like a man ashamed of the company he was in. The officer in charge, a young boy fresh from school, came to the fire-place. He was determined to do his duty according to his lights. The glasses he wore gave him a harmless look in spite of the heavy revolver in his hand.

"Look here, you people," he said fiercely, his English accent sounding queer in the place, "I want to warn you once and for all, if you're ever found guilty of harbouring any of these rebels, blasted, eh Sin Feiners (he pronounced it as it is spelled), this cabin here will be burned over your heads. Do you hear me? Do you understand that?" In his excitement he spoke loudly. The old man never as much as turned his head. Lizzy looked flustered. It was left to Mary Anne to speak.

She raised her hand slowly to heaven. "If it be God's holy will that my house be burned over my head, let it be so. It's little my poor boy thought, and he dying on the battlefields of France, that's the thanks he'd get—for his ould mother."

There was silence in the kitchen as she spoke, silence when she finished. The old man broke it.

"Whisht, woman, whisht;" he stretched out his withered arm and laid it on her knee.

The officer didn't know what to say, so turning on his heel he made for the door, his men following. They were gone in a moment through the open door. Shep, wagging his tail and showing his teeth, came to the old man's knee. The old man smiled and stroked his friend. "Poor Shep, 'twas afeard I was them Cromwell's breed would hurt you."

The night of excitement was too much for poor Lizzy. She laid along the bench, and sobbed loud and long.

"Hush, child, hush; sure didn't you do a great night's work. Get up, girl, and we'll make a sup of tea."

So they did; there was no more sleep for them that night. Huddled together, the three of them sat over the fire, talking and talking. The sergeant came in for his share of the talk.

"Many's the time I gave him a drop of goat's milk for the childer. Maybe it run into his head when he didn't let on you were Prendergast's girl."

The crowing of the cocks warned them of the coming of day. Lizzy was the first to stir.

"I'll be going back now," she said. "It's more than likely herself will be up the whole night."

The back door was open at Prendergast's when Lizzy got to it. She heard the sound of voices. Who, in the name of God, was up so early? It wasn't Bill Nolan, anyway; you couldn't get that lad up. Someone looked out as they heard the gate shut to.

"It's only Lizzy. Come in, girl, and welcome." It was one of the volunteers she had warned last night. "We thought this was the safest place!" The other was inside, too. It was a great welcome Lizzy got.

"We were caught only for you Lizzy, child. You're great."

The girl blushed. Not a bit like a heroine did she feel.

"Is himself back yet?" she asked, to put the talk off herself. "It's strange he to be stopping out the whole night."

The door opened. Mrs. Prendergast came in carrying the baby, a fine healthy child. He gurgled and crowed when he saw the men. "I suppose none of you got a wink of sleep except the child?" She looked worried. "Lizzy, there's no sign of the master. Sit down, boys. You needn't be going yet, anyway. You'll have something to eat first. I'm sure it was the soldiers being about kept Tim in town. We'll know when the lad goes to the creamery."

Breakfast over, the Volunteers left. It wouldn't do to stay more than a few hours in one place.

"It's that fine child of yours, Mam, will be enjoying the peace, please God, an' he a grown man," they said as they bade good-bye.

The boy left for the creamery and, in spite of all the warning he got, he didn't come straight back.

"It's eleven now; he'll soon be here."

Then half-past came, and no sign of him. There was nearly a path worn to the door the way they were looking out for him.

A horse came to the gate at last, a man riding him.

"Lizzy, run and open it."

Kate Prendergast, looking through the window, recognized her brother. He came slowly, quietly, and not like himself at all. Kate's legs went all weak under her, and she sat down on a chair.

"Is she inside?" he asked and passed in.

Lizzy went down the back avenue to look for the boy. She hadn't far to go; there he was, looking through the hedge.

"Has he gone in?" he whispered, his voice hushed and frightened. "Tim Prendergast is dead, Liz; the soldiers shot him on the road last night, an' he refusing to halt."

FLORENCE M. HACKETT.

THOUGHTS ON LABOUR POLICY IN IRELAND.

BY A. DE BLÁCAM.

IF the industrial situation is to be reformed, it must be either by revolution or evolution. Revolution implies a violent overthrow of present conditions, either in the belief that a desirable order will, as it were, instinctively arise on the ruins, or with a distinct plan in mind of the order that is to be consciously built by the revolutionaries. The revolutionary who destroys in the belief that a good thing will spontaneously rise is not often met. Most revolutionaries have a definite plan of what they intend to do when they have cast down the powers that be. That plan is, of course, Communism in some form or another. We do not find any but Communists seeking to bring about the order they desire by a violent upheaval. If we are not, therefore, Communists, we must believe in progressive instead of violent methods. If we believe that the ideal order to substitute for the present jungle-order is one based on distributed property, we are committed to a policy of step-by-step approach. Indeed, in the nature of the case a Distributive Order could not be brought about by a sudden stroke, though this is not to be taken to mean that drastic action may never require to be taken by a nation in dealing with ascendancies that stand between it and freedom. Thus, it is obvious that a subject race whose territories were occupied by a foreign power and whose land was held by landlords of the invading power (as was the case with Ukrainia) would

require to achieve national independence, presumably by warlike methods, before it could proceed to the development of a peasant proprietary. The point is that property can only be diffused and established among the masses step by step.

In Ireland the foreign landholders have already been expropriated over three-quarters of our territory. A peasant proprietary has been practically achieved; and what remains to be done in recovering the ranch lands for occupation by the surplus population of the congested districts will easily be achieved by the native government once that is free to work normally. When we turn, however, to the industrial life of Ireland, we find that we are as far from Distributivism as any nation. On the other hand, we are in a better position in Ireland to achieve distributed ownership in the industrial world than other nations are, and that for two reasons. First we are under-industrialised, and while other European States are suffering economic decay it is reasonable to expect great economic expansion in Ireland as soon as the resources of the country are relieved of the stranglehold of foreign repression. The new industries which are certain to burst forth in a free Ireland may, if we desire it, be organised on a distributive basis from the start. Secondly, we have the advantage that our working population is not so far removed from a rural origin as the proletariat of England. Our workers have manliness and the instincts of freedom. They aspire to something better than eternal drudgery; the national struggle and their spiritual faith have kept alive in them a vision that has long been crushed out of the English masses.

In order to grasp the opportunities that national freedom will give us we require, above all things else, a vision of the desirable land. We need our patriotism to take, as it were, a social turn. We need the idealism that has kept alive the desire for freedom to be given now to fostering a desire for a fair as well as a free Ireland.

William Morris and John Ruskin preached to England of the nineteenth century this lesson, that in medieval times the English masses were happy and their life bright and honest. They pointed out that the order that supplanted the medieval order was one under which the great majority of men spent their lives toiling at occupations that were as distasteful as the labour of slaves in building the pyramids must have been. The reason that men were unhappy was that they did not enjoy their work. But how could they enjoy work in which they were mere cogs in a machine? They had no share in the great concerns which employed them and threw them out of employment like inanimate tools. And the very nature of their work was distasteful, for craftsmanship was dead. Art was man's expression of joy in his labour, and popular art had ceased to exist. Hence the intellectual torpor which was dulling the lives of the people; hence the dearth of folklore and merriment. Hence the sickly and unnatural pleasures that were substituted for the healthy and invigorating recreations of older times. Men would be happiest and healthiest when their work combined manly labour with intellectual effort. Morris himself would spend ten hours a day at the loom weaving tapestries, or he would labour at the making of dyes or the shaping of types. And in all these activities he said that his faculties were brightened and not wearied, so that his prolific epic verse leaped from his craftsmanlike exertions.

Are we to have in Ireland industries in which men are happy as they work? The farmer and the fisherman may be happy as they labour, for the things they work with, the farm and the boat, are sources of pride and outlets for ceaseless loving care and ingenuity. But the worker in a factory or warehouse, who toils solely for a wage and may leave no impress of his personality on the work wrought by his hands, is in a different case. Only ownership and a say in direction can reconcile him to his position. It is to that end that the organisation of labour

must be directed—not because the workers, by getting a share of profits, will make more money, but because they will be interested in their work and because its "human costs" will be lessened. In earlier times, when industrial capitalism was but beginning on its course, the phenomenon was often seen of workers taking as much pride in the concerns in which they were employed as if they were part owners. In those days men would be attached for their whole life to a certain master, and, owing to the fact that machinery still played a small part in production and apprenticeship and craftsmanship made workers harder to exchange, a lifelong relation grew up between master and man which was so close as to amount almost to unofficial partnership. In many old-fashioned businesses of the present day the earlier relations largely persist. We find certain good employers loth to regard labour as a mere commodity and through religious principle or good nature endeavouring to cultivate a spirit of genial co-operation among their employees. In such businesses as these, unlike the get-rich-quick affairs in which labour is ceaselessly hustled and terrified, or bribed with high wages that conceal insecurity once youthful efficiency has gone, there grows up a genuine *esprit de corps*. Thus, human costs can be reduced even within capitalism, by a change of status.

Now in setting before the worker the ideal of an Order in which workers enjoyed partnership or possession, Labour must try to discover the steps by which such an Order may be approached. In the first place, numerous industries may be initiated on a co-operative basis. But this does not apply to industries in which high technical skill and large capital outlay are required. In cases like the manufacture of clothing, co-operation is a feasible proposition from the start. In this connection, the enterprise at present working in Dublin has immense possibilities of both good and evil, for if it fails it will depress co-operative endeavour, while if by sound methods and

earnest work it makes the best of its opportunity, it will set a headline that will be copied throughout Ireland in industries that lend themselves to similar treatment. The building-guilds across Channel show another phase of industry in which workers may be successful as their own masters from the start. But there are many other industries which cannot be either started or taken over by workers. Since such industries form, probably, the greater portion of our industrial concerns, it should be soberly considered whether the workers' position in them cannot be improved forthwith by a change of status less drastic than actual taking over.

It is the purpose of this article to suggest that in such industries as these a definite endeavour should be made in the immediate future to establish the principle of Profit Sharing. It is to be recognised that wages are everywhere falling. In England the workers put up a test fight in which they were ignominiously defeated, and since their surrender they have been kept steadily on the run. It is impossible to expect that reduction of wages will not apply in Ireland. But would it not be possible, owing to the solidarity of Irish labour and its superior earnestness, to win a concession from the owners that would be a compensating set-off? Suppose Irish labour demanded as a compensation for reduction of wages that Profit Sharing be universally introduced. Dr. John A. Ryan has set forth the lines on which Profit Sharing is most likely to be successful.[1] A certain margin of profit is to be written down as the remuneration due to capital. Profits made beyond that margin are to be divided between owners and workers. The worker then becomes part owner, and since he must be represented in the government of the concern to secure that the division of profits will be honestly carried out, he becomes also a partner in management. Once feeling himself to have a stake in his industry he has an incentive to avoid slacking

[1] "The Democratic Transformation of Industry" (*Studies*, Sept. 1920).

or indifferent work. The quality of his output and its quantity also go up, and the margin of profits to be divided grows larger. This should more than compensate him for the reduction of wages.

But, we hear it argued, does this not bind the worker up with a capitalist order? Does it not side-track him from a more revolutionary end? Does it not mean that the capitalist, by surrendering a portion of his spoils, saves the remainder? Then, also, it is pointed out that Profit Sharing schemes attempted in England and America have not been successful, either in increasing the workers' return or in aiding them towards genuine control of industry. The force of these objections must not be discounted. But in the first place, let us ask what is the alternative. Labour has to face the fact that very hard times are ahead. It was easy to talk in terms of independence to the capitalist when wages were high and labour hard to get during the war boom. But when hard times set in, when unemployment is increased and starvation threatens, the likelihood is that the worker will become all too easy a prey to the capitalist. When men are fighting for employment they will not be ready to consider with too narrow an eye the terms on which it is offered. Labour may then find that it has the choice of getting some small concession or getting nothing at all.

But if Labour really envisions a definite objective and if it has the driving force of idealism behind it (and if it lacks this idealism it is not worth anybody's attention), it will not be easy either to bribe or to side-track it. On the contrary, the very difference in status that would be brought about by the admission of the Profit Sharing principle would put Labour in the position to push farther and farther ahead towards its ideal. Profit Sharing systems that failed before the War failed, partly at least, because the capitalist system had not, at that time, sickened the workers. A very different situation has arisen to-day. Pre-War data do not apply to present

circumstances. The workers have been educated by the War conditions, by profiteering and by the threat of hard times, and if only they can escape in Ireland the defeat which the masters are inflicting on them in England, they will have it in them not to rest content with any small sop, but to make good use of any advantage that they can attain. That is to say, if they can secure an alteration in their status while the present crisis lasts, they can be relied on to use their advantage wisely in the interests of democratic ideals.

But then it may be objected that this very hope makes a change of status impossible. The masters, it will be said, realise as well as we that this precedent may lead to big developments. They will, therefore, resist the introduction of Profit Sharing or Co-partnership as being the thin edge of the wedge of revolution. The answer to this is that the extent of the developments that will follow depend on circumstances. If the masters can content their workers with a small share of the profits, development will end there. If, on the other hand, the workers are to attain a larger share of profits and control, they must prove themselves capable of receiving this without the destruction of the industry. In the case of certain industries their percentage of interest will be limited by this fact—namely, that if they push beyond a certain mark it will cease to be profitable to capital to co-operate with them, and therefore they will never be able to push beyond this mark. In other industries where the part played by Capital is inferior to that played by Labour, or in other words, where a smaller amount of machinery is required, the workers will be capable of attaining an ever larger share in profits and control. In such industries as these latter the smallness of capital required will leave it always possible for labour to set up independent concerns, and consequently capitalists will find it to their interest to allow themselves to be bought out by instalments as the workers become capable of taking over the

concerns. Militant labour will make capitalists realise that their choice in such industries as these is between a graceful yielding to democracy and a violent defeat at its hands. Therefore, they will be more agreeable to the introduction of co-partnership as offering them a means to retire from an untenable position without utter loss.

It is contended, then, that the share which Labour is to acquire in the ownership and control of industries will not be uniform throughout the industrial world. At the one end of the scale there will be wholly co-operative industries like the present Clothing Society. Then there will be Profit Sharing enterprises in which the capitalist draws a certain remuneration for his knowledge and capital. Next, there will be concerns in which the workers' share of profits will be comparatively small owing to the risky character of the business. Then again, it may be that we shall have many speculative enterprises in which the capitalist takes the whole of both profit and risk. In these latter classes of industries the remuneration to labour will naturally be high and the terms of employment easy, for when the larger part of industrial operations is carried on under a Profit Sharing or co-operative scheme, there will be a smaller body of workers looking for employment. Very special inducements will need to be offered to draw workers from safe and permanent positions. It must be recognised that the larger part of industrial operations are concerned with businesses of a more or less routine character, and admit in some degree that workers' control which is not applicable to speculative enterprises. Thus, labour has a large field to conquer, and by instituting co-operative concerns where large capital is not required it may set up a standard of employment and happy conditions which will serve as an example and incentive to workers in other industries where a small measure of co-partnership is acquired. Co-operation may be the star to which the wagon of co-partnership will finally be hitched.

A. DE BLACAM.

GERMAN JESUITS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY NICHOLAS WHITTAKER, M.A.

BERNHARD DUHR, S.J.: Geschichte der Jesuiten in den Ländern deutscher Zunge. Dritter Band, 1650-1700. (Regensburg: G. J. Manz. 1921. M. 150).

THE Society of Jesus continues to give the world, in the histories it is publishing of its various provinces or assistancies, a singular example of frankness. It would, indeed, be difficult, we fancy, to name any large body of men that has ever taken the world so completely into its confidence, and so unreservedly brought into the light its inner life. And if this result and this impression are brought home to us by the publications of the Spanish, Italian and French Jesuit assistancies, one is not surprised to find that the German contributions surpass all others in the abundance of their detail. It is a liberality which has, of course, its drawbacks. As they journey through the 900 pages of Fr. Duhr's third heavy quarto, most readers will be inclined to sigh that the learned and industrious compiler has not studied a little more the arts of selection, compression and animated narration. They may be inclined to indulge in comparative comments, should they, like the present writer, have come from recent study of the work of Fr. Duhr's Spanish colleague, Fr. Astrain, who possesses and uses these gifts. Fr. Duhr pours out his materials and leaves it to ourselves to sift them. Fr.

Astrain writes history for us.[1] But *non omnia possumus omnes.* To both truth and history are heavily indebted.

The briefest *compte-rendu* of the matters which engage Fr. Duhr's 900 pages would occupy a considerable space. Every individual house of the German Provinces (if it existed between 1650 and 1700) finds here its individual history. These narratives tend, naturally, to be uniform and dull. Very different in this respect are the chapters on selected general topics. Among these, specialists of of many kinds will find abundant matter of whatever type most appeals to them. Educationists will turn to the chapters that deal with the methods and experiences of the German Jesuit teachers in their various colleges and schools. Bookish people will dwell on the history of authorship, censorship, and publication. Remote lands and adventurous travel are recalled in the tales of missionary enterprise. Courts and rulers defile before us in the long sections on Court-confessors. With histories of war, famine and plague come strange records of suffering and endurance, of courage, beneficence and self-sacrifice. The weirdly sensational, with touches of grim humour, lurks in the perhaps most notable chapter of the whole book—that which deals with magic, diabolism, ghosts, possessions and witch-craft.

In this chapter, unhappily, the epoch which is the subject of the volume comes before us in its most characteristic aspect.

During the entire seventeenth century the German peoples had to eat the bitter fruits of religious apostacy, internecine warfare, and foreign invasion. Only too manifest was the consequent soul-*anaemia*. Of the latter half of this period in particular Father Duhr writes in his preface :—

> This period may well be described as the dreariest in the history of the German lands. . . . It would seem as if a large portion of the generation born in and just after the [Thirty

[1] *Historia de la Compania de Jesus en la Asistencia de Espana.* Por el P. Antonio Astrain, S.J. Vols. i-vi. (Madrid. 1902-1920).

Years'] War had entered the world without any sense of what is noble, honourable or magnanimous. The proverbial German fidelity and honesty were hard to find . . . Civil discord and spiritual decadence were accelerated by the perpetual quarrels of of sects. "Lutherans" and "Reformers" were at daggers-drawn. Preachers of the rival parties fought out their differences not merely with the pen but with the fist. It would be difficult to find more complete denial of personal freedom, whether to Catholics or to Protestants of a non-dominant sect, than was systematic in Saxony —the nursing-mother and favoured home of Luther's schism. . . . As Niebuhr wrote, "there is no more disgusting frivolity than that of our ancestors in the second half of the seventeenth century . . . our Courts of that period are indescribably repulsive. . . . By means of the hard forced labour of peasants . . . a paltry imitation of the real splendour of the French Court was carried on; everything foreign was contemptibly imitated . . . spirit and taste had both forsaken the nation."

This lamentable state of things did not, it is hardly needful to say, lack its redeeming features and bright points.[1] And, among these, even prejudice, we fancy, will, after an honest study of the historical facts, allow a large place to certain activities of the Society of Jesus and certain results it achieved. The restoration and revival of religious and educational works of various kinds out of the ruins accumulated by the Thirty Years' War invited an abundance of arduous labours over the wide field of German-speaking Europe; yet at the same time the call of remote foreign missions was willingly listened to. Churches and colleges were opened, re-opened and extended at home; while the General in Rome had the pleasing embarrassment of contending with immense numbers of "Indipetae"—a class-name given to the suitors, often persistent, for labours in pagan and savage lands. It may be guessed that the missionary toils entered upon in such a spirit of eagerness were commonly carried

[1] Thus, for example, the picture of the Imperial Court at Vienna which stands out in certain pages of this book is on the whole a pleasing one. The Emperor Leopold I. was sincerely religious and well-meaning. His third wife, Eleonora of Pfalz-Neuburg, set, during some decades, the example of a life not merely blameless, but saintly and unweariedly beneficent. It may be mentioned that she and her brothers had been educated under the care of a Jesuit tutor.

through with perseverance, self-abnegation and success. Fr. Duhr quotes for us, more or less fully, certain tales of those seventeenth-century German missions, from which we may gather, at the start, that the mere journeyings of the apostles to their remote destinations often involved hardships and sufferings enough to overtax average human capacity of endurance. Let us cull a few fragments. Here is Fr. Anton Sepp, for example, who in 1689 left Trent with Paraguay as his goal, and reached Brazil in 1691, after no less than twenty-one months of stress and suffering. Father Sepp has left abundant notes of his own and his companions' doings and experiences :—

Our bread was hard as stone, unsalted, and, what was worse, full of worms ; it had, in fact, been baked two years previously, when the ship was first due to sail. The meat had been stored a year before and was stinking ; but the justice of God punished the avarice of the captain, for all the living cattle that he carried died of a plague and had to be cast into the ocean. Everywhere, even in the water, was stench and corruption. Our clothes were in rags. . . . I visited the sick who lay in the hold of the vessel, comforted them, gave them a share of a few drugs I had bought in Cadiz in case of my getting ill myself. I gave to them all a short discourse in Spanish concerning patience, and brought round to them a little picture of Our Lady of Altötting to kiss. . . . O dear scraps and crumbs collected by the servants off and under the tables of our good refectories at home, where are ye ? How gladly would not we gather and keep ye and feed with ye our sick Father Superior and other brethren ! . . . On the 21st March I delivered to the sailors, soldiers, servants, slaves and Moors a sermon, for which the pulpit was a big ship's-rope coiled round and round, while some of the hearers sat on the ground or on the anchors, and others climbed up the masts. My subject was St. Benedict, whose life I narrated, drawing a suitable moral conclusion. I then gave them a pleasant talk about the two great monasteries of Marienberg and Holy Cross at Soben, how both are beautifully and nobly built upon high cliffs, their origin, what devotion and austerity are practised day and night within both of them. They listened with pleasure, especially when I came to tell them that in the one I had a reverend brother and in the other a venerable sister, both of whom were praying for us. This all I delivered in Spanish speech, in which, in spite of my mistakes, I think they would rather hear

me than a born Spaniard. . . . On "Fat Thursday" we reached the equator: the air was exceptionally mild and cool. Nothing but hunger plagued us. . . . But we celebrated the occasion by bringing out the two Russian hams that the good Consul at Hamburg had presented us with, and we invited guests to share them. . . . We had little to drink, but I played them some tunes on the theorbo, and then Fr. Bohm and I played some pastoral pieces on two flutes, although, indeed, we both were suffering from toothache.

With the miseries of their weary voyage contrasted oddly the royal welcome given to Fr. Sepp and his companions when at length they touched the shores of South America :—

On the Feast of the Seven Dolours, 1691, we sailed into Buenos Aires, amid uninterrupted salvos from the artillery, the merry noise of trumpets, drums and fifes, and the cheers and cries of the people. Indians and squaws, the latter with each two or three children clinging on or around them; slaves, male and female, young and old, big and small, black and white, naked and clothed, Christians and heathens, came to meet the strange priests, and crowded to kiss our hands. As soon as we set foot on land we fell on our knees and kissed the earth, our common mother, not without tears. . . .

By their brethren of the Society in Buenos Aires the travellers were entertained with all charity. They rested for a few weeks, but found energy before the end of that time to receive sinners in the confessionals. Ere long we find Fr. Sepp hundreds of miles away from the comparative comforts of Buenos Aires, in the midst of half-reclaimed aborigines and of physical privations and disgusts to which he ever remained sensitive. He has left us a minute schedule of his daily order of time, and a curious document it is. Alone or with a priest companion he carried on the entire business of a "reduction." Not to speak of every day's strictly spiritual duties and occupations, he was to his Paraguayans head baker, butcher, farmer, miller, tile-maker, smith, carpenter, weaver, tailor and dressmaker. Needless to say, he was head-schoolmaster, with very little assistance to count on; while music managed to hold a considerable place among his

varied activities. He gives us the exact statistics of his choir and his orchestra—so many tenors, so many basses, so many harpists, horn-blowers, trumpeters, theorbists, etc.—most of them taught by himself. He is also dancing-master! But—let us hasten to add—the dances in question were of the grave kind which the traditions of Catholic Spain admit (or used to admit) in the services of the Church.

Turning from this worthy missioner and scores of his calling and spirit, we find ourselves in a very different atmosphere when we engage in the long chapter concerning Court confessors and chaplains. There are, and there have always been Courts *and* Courts; but in general the atmosphere of these exalted regions of earth has been highly unfavourable to the religious virtues. It naturally follows that the story of men who had to practise and champion those virtues in those surroundings has been one of varied human interest. The Court confessor or chaplain ought, obviously, when appointed, to be a man of already proved virtue; but what if his Superiors, the best judges of his fitness, are not free in making their appointment? He ought, again, obviously, to be withdrawn as soon as it becomes clear that he is too weak to hold his own against an opposing tide of vice and worldliness; but what if his Superiors are not free to withdraw him? From these and other considerations it might have been anticipated from the start that the Court confessor would prove to be a personage more fruitful of trouble to the Society of Jesus than any other intrinsic element of its being and history. Of course the confessor's or chaplain's possibilities of doing good were immense, and the opportunities were often splendidly availed of. Men like Fr. Rosenthal, for example, who entered on their courtly duties with pain and reluctance, with eyes turned longingly back to the hardest and lowliest tasks of the missionary priest, are found diffusing in their new and uncongenial surroundings the good

odour of Christ and the strong influence of a Christ-like example and ministry. Condemned to a share (which they reduced to its minimum) of the life of a palace, they would find security and compensation in unremitting austerities, in scrupulous observance of religious rule—especially of religious poverty, in unwearied zeal for the interests of the poor and oppressed. Thus wearing the white flower—not only of a blameless but of a saintly life, they could achieve admirable success in their special apostolic functions and sometimes cause Courts to resemble cloisters. And such men were not few. Fr. Duhr recalls the memory of some of the better-known.

But it is not on Jesuits of that type that history and legend have preferred to dwell. Virtue is not the best guarantee of celebrity, and Fr. Rosenthal was less famous than the brilliant Fr. Vota. Vota was a Turinese Jesuit who, having been entrusted by Pope Innocent XI. with a special mission to the King of Poland, began and long continued to play an extraordinary part in the politics of northern Europe. He substantially aided in the creation of Prussian royalty about the years 1700-7, entertained great hopes of a movement of that Protestant Court towards Rome, and though disappointed in those hopes, continued to have great influence with the Queen, Sophia Dorothea, and other high personages. His personal gifts, it need hardly be said, were exceptional. He is pictured somewhat piquantly in a letter from the Landgrave of Hesse to the philosopher Leibnitz :—

> Fr. Vota is a man of great knowledge, and of remarkable, nay, astonishing powers of conversation and entertainment. I know him and all his plans, his strong and weak sides, for more than thirty years. . . . I don't know how he lives. Long ago he lost all his teeth. He has a rather grotesque face, but is very jovial. Nevertheless, he says Mass becomingly and piously, not in the *rips-raps* Italian style. In regard to wine and women he is a good religious and gives no scandal. He is a bit vain and worldly, however, and not spiritual on the lines of A Kempis.

But the Jesuit at Court did not always come off so

happily in reputation or in usefulness. Fr. Vota, although his somewhat extra-religious activities caused occasional uneasiness in his brethren and superiors, fulfilled, on the whole, a profitable and honourable career. So much cannot be said of Fr. Johann Eberhard Nidhard, known to seventeenth-century Spain as Juan Everardo. His unhappy story (so it must be called, though it ended in a Cardinal's hat) would not be now worth recalling were it not that it has been recalled again and again in order to point arrows at the Society to which he belonged. In reality, so little responsibility for the part he played in history belongs to that body that Father Astrain, in his Chronicle of the Spanish provinces, claims, not without some justification, that the Nidhard story does not properly belong to the history of the Society at all. He narrates it, nevertheless, though summarily. Father Duhr gives it more fully, Nidhard having been Austrian by birth and by profession a member of the Austrian province.

The facts, in brief, were these. Fr. Nidhard, in 1647, when he was forty years of age, was appointed confessor and tutor to the Archduchess Maria Anna; and when two years later the Archduchess went to Madrid as the bride of Philip IV. of Spain, she brought him with her. Fourteen years later, in 1665, Philip IV. died, leaving Spain in a condition which from many points of view was melancholy or hopeless. The heir to the throne was a sickly child of nine; there was an ambitious but unworthy pretender—Philip's illegitimate son; financial and political troubles were threatening utter downfall; the widowed Regent, full of good intentions, had very little capacity, either native or acquired, for facing the difficulties of her situation. Not unnaturally she leant the whole weight of her troubles on her long-tried confidant, teacher and guide, Fr. Nidhard. He, too, was well-meaning, and he, too, unhappily, was incompetent. Compassionating his mistress and over-rating his own

powers, he allowed himself to be drawn into a position of virtual supremacy in state affairs, against accepting which every consideration of prudence and of his religious profession ought to have warned him. Nor would virtual supremacy satisfy the Queen's desires: the confessor must be appointed Privy Councillor, with the title of Excellency. Nor was this enough. The supremely important, lucrative and peculiarly Spanish office of Grand Inquisitor falling vacant, Maria Anna resolved to appoint to it her favourite; and, with the Pope's consent, carried out her design. It is easy to understand what indignation and disgust was felt among the grandees, lay and clerical, of Spain at the exorbitant honour and power bestowed by the Austrian Queen upon the Austrian Jesuit. A storm arose which threatened to overturn the throne. Nidhard believed that his support was necessary to its existence: others thought his withdrawal was the first necessity for its survival. His religious brethren seem to have adopted in general an attitude of mild reserve which, in the retrospect, looks like blameworthy weakness. The Fr. General Oliva bestows on his son in various letters the most affectionate praises for the resistance he was offering to the bestowal of dignities. It is difficult to find any evidence of any such resistance. The General, no doubt, makes quite clear his own view of the duty of resistance. But his insinuated appeals were quite thrown away upon the misguided *parvenu*. It was not till 1669, when Spain was on the verge of civil war and when Nidhard's life had been several times threatened, that he and the Regent yielded to the violence of their enemies and the advice of their friends. With tears in her eyes, Maria Anna dismissed her councillor, appointing him "Envoy Extraordinary" to Rome, and negotiating with the Pope for his being created Archbishop *in partibus infidelium* and Cardinal. Wearing these dignities, not without satisfaction, and not without some edifying practice of the milder virtues, Cardinal Nidhard passed the

last twelve years of his life in the Papal *entourage*. The poor man never realised that his career as a politician had been a tangle of bad examples and blunders. Far from any such thoughts, he occupied his years of retirement in preparing for the world a crowning monument of unrepentant unwisdom in his interminable memoirs—twenty-one folio volumes of self-justification!

The evils of ill-justified self-confidence—evils peculiarly sensible in a highly-organised body like the Society of Jesus—find further illustration in Fr. Duhr's interesting (we might say horribly interesting) chapter on witchcraft and diabolism. In the misty and doubtful regions which these terms stand for one meets without surprise the well-meaning and zealous man who thinks himself specially enlightened and helped by Heaven, overleaps his rule and the counsels or commands of its living exponents, and shelters his progress in folly under the alleged guiding hand of Providence and the more evident protection of some powerful earthly authority. The German Jesuits were more fortunate than some of them realised in having a centre of control resident beyond the Alps and unaffected by the plague of fanaticism rampant in their own land. Of the violence of that fanaticism Fr. Duhr gives us some illustrations. One is an extract from the notable Protestant preacher, Waldschmidt, who delivered before the burghers of Frankfort-on-Main, about 1660, sixteen sermons on witchcraft and twelve on ghosts and apparitions They were published under the title "Pythonissa Endorea":—

> How do children [Waldschmidt inquires] get into the power of the devil? . . . The fourth cause . . . one finds sometimes parents, even among us Lutherans, who send their children to the schools and colleges of the Jesuits, expecting . . . that thereby their children will become splendidly learned men; but such parents are simply sacrificing and offering up their children to the devil, not merely in consideration of their being seduced into false doctrine and errors, but also on account of magic and witchcraft. For although we cannot and will not say that all Jesuits are

magicians, yet it cannot be denied that they have magicians among them. . . . [Then follows a string of silly anecdotes.] Thus the Jesuits themselves have boasted concerning their Father Coton that he possessed a *speculum stellatum*, a starred mirror, wherein he was able to show the King of France everything that he desired to see, and that there was nothing so secret done or devised in the inner chambers of other kings and potentates which he could not bring to light by the help of this mirror. . . . Some twenty or more years ago a boy was beheaded and then burnt for witch-craft at Strassburg —I myself being a witness of his execution ; and he had learnt the black art among the Jesuits at Molsheim. . . . To such consequences leads the conduct of parents who send their children to such schools, wherein they easily get in league and entanglement with the devil.

Against Waldschmidt the Frankfort Jesuits appear to have taken an action at law ; with what result we know not. Not, certainly, with the result of putting an extinguisher on talk and talkers of the same type. In 1669 the wildest rumours circulated concerning the bewitching of hundreds of the pupils of the Jesuits in Munich. Members of the Society elsewhere were naturally eager for news, and we can still read some of the inquiries they sent in :—

We read [writes one] in various letters of Ours and of outsiders that over 300 boys of our gymnasium in Munich have been perverted by magic and that already ten of them have been executed—all Counts and Barons. It is said that the source of the evil is a young Count, whose mother, formerly a lady of the Court, was a witch and had perverted her son. I have thought it right to ask your Reverence what, if anything, is true in these reports ; if for no other reason, to be able to give an account to our Prince, who will be sure to make enquiries.

Attempts to discover the sources of such sensational *canards* usually had miserably negative results. Their growth was simply an index of the state of the public mind. Assuredly, there was some fire under so much smoke. Here is a curious specimen of what some Munich schoolboys were really thinking about in the year 1694. We translate the original Latin :—

During these days was found among the benches of the Syntax class in their hall a document to this effect : 'I the name then

given in full] desire to assign myself to the Devil for forty years, on condition of his giving me wisdom and strength of body and of my getting four prizes each year.' The matter was privately settled.

Some of the Jesuit preachers and writers of this age were not unworthy successors of Spee and Tanner in their attitude towards the current fanaticism. We find, for example, Fr. Leopold Manzin, who for a long time occupied the court pulpit in Munich, addressing the witch-hunters and witch-judges as follows :—

When you listen to one accusation you provoke a growth of new ones. Whole villages have been burnt out, and nothing gained by it. Trials are carried out hastily and inconsiderately. Every judge who has power to torture by the rack should himself get a taste of the rack for half-an-hour, in order to deter him from further inflictions of it. The trade of spying and informing on witches was dangerous and ought to be discouraged. So, too, should sermons on magic and wizardry, as they lead to evil consequences.

After giving these pieces of good advice, the preacher thinks it prudent to remind his hearers that not everyone who recommends mildness and caution in dealing with witches ought, therefore, to be suspected of collusion or sympathy !

More fully and with a greater array of facts and arguments the Jesuit moralists Gobat and Frey urge the same principles and practices. But not all their brethern were equally wise.

For no less than fifteen years Fr. Ulrich Speer carried on exorcisms for the supposed deliverance from Satan of a woman who turned out in the end to be merely a clever impostor. His proceedings were regarded with the greatest interest and sympathy not only by the general population, but also by the religious and secular authorities of Eichstätt, where they took place ; and not least when the supposed communications of the evil spirits through the lips of the supposed sufferer brought suspicion of heinous crimes on a great number of presumably

innocent persons. In vain did Fr. Speer's superiors, of all grades, endeavour to put an end to the nuisance. When the unhappy woman died her impostures were made clear—to everyone, or nearly everyone, except Fr. Speer. His occupation was indeed gone; but he found a new one. It was to write a huge mass of justificatory memoirs, which the curious may yet read—in MS.; for, unlike Cardinal Nidhard, Speer had no resources for publishing a book of which his Superiors disapproved.

A similar fraud ran its course in Altötting from 1666 to 1668, and excited lively interest throughout all Germany. Personages of the highest dignity, lay and clerical, concerned themselves with the proceedings. To the Jesuits in Altötting Fr. Oliva wrote from Rome :—

> It is our business to drive the devil out of souls by the ordinary ministries of our Society. . . . I am glad the Fathers in Altötting have had nothing to do with this case. . . . We shall find better and more useful work to do in following the forms and spirit of our institute.

This prudent message was sent before the exposure of the fraud.

The question whether the devil can, will or must tell the truth in response to an exorcist was hotly debated *à-propos* of certain occurrences in the region of Paderborn in 1656-60. There broke out a regular epidemic of cases which were believed to be diabolical possessions. Amid the hubbub which followed Fr. Löper, S.J., attracted great attention by his zeal and apparent success as a questioner of the afflicted persons. More prudent witnesses, especially religious of other orders, declared themselves opposed to his proceedings as marked by excessive credulity and calculated to bring innocent persons into discredit and danger. They questioned whether any reliance can be placed on evidence which comes admittedly from an evil spirit. Fr. General Nickel expressed several times his regret that Fr. Löper had got mixed up with "the dangerous, difficult and too-engrossing work of exorcisms." Failing in repeated attempts to

divert Fr. Löper from his self-imposed task, he finally ordered him away from Paderborn altogether. Fr. Löper obeyed, with obvious reluctance, and left Paderborn amid general demonstrations of sympathy. In his exile he continued to give trouble to his Superiors, and occupied himself in "writing up" the whole subject of the Paderborn possessions. He was refused permission to publish the resultant book, but published it nevertheless. For this offence "a fitting penance" was inflicted, to which he appears to have submitted. And presently he and the Paderborn mysteries—or mystifications—disappeared into oblivion.

With these few instances from the mere fringe of a large and engrossing subject we must leave Fr. Duhr's chapter dealing therewith—and at the same time the rest of Fr. Duhr's vast and multifarious book. The greater number of his topics we have barely mentioned. It may be safely said that there is none of them wherein —amid, it may be, a crowd of time-faded trivialities—matter of real interest is not to be found. Of the importance of others we have, we trust, given our readers an inkling. Only one regret occurs to us as we close this (in the best sense) weighty tome and reflect on the labour which must have gone to the making of it. It is a regret which applies to all the tomes which the Jesuit Order are at present bringing out in relation to the history of its various Assistancies. Written in vernacular speech—German, Italian, Spanish, etc.—they must necessarily remain closed books to many and many would-be readers who possess not the key of those languages. It is a deplorable result of the Tower of Babel and of linguistic nationalism. Would it not have been better—all things considered—to have turned out all in Latin? We ask—we hesitate to suggest a categorical reply. We are unwilling to seem fault-finders where such excellent and valuable work has been faced and achieved.

N. Whittaker.

CHRONICLE.

I.—Ireland Through Foreign Eyes.

BY STEPHEN J. BROWN, S.J.

YANN M. GOBLET: *L'Irlande dans la Crise Universelle.* (Alcan. 1921. 20fr.).

SYLVAIN BRIOLLAY: *L'Irlande Insurgée.* (Plon-Nourrit. 1921. 4fr.).

IBRAHIM RASHAD: *An Egyptian in Ireland.* (Irish Book Shop. 1920. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.).

No small number of foreign observers have at various times recorded in print their impressions of us. We have seen ourselves, or what purported to be ourselves, through American eyes such as Hurlbert's, Italian such as Count Cavour's, German such as Kohl's or Bonn's, English such as Young's or Begbie's, or the very observant eyes of the anonymous Englishman who for the past five years has been studying us and publishing his reflections and impressions.[1] A collection of the books published by these observers would make quite a little library. But I do not think it is too much to say that more books have been written about us by Frenchmen than by any other foreigners, a testimony to the interest—a uniformly friendly interest, be it said[2]—always taken in us by the people of France. It is easy to recall, almost at random, such names as Latocnaye, de Beaumont, de Mandet Grancey, de Pressensé, Nemours-Godré, Montalembert, Perraud, Bourget, Lardeur, Droz, Hervé, Paul-Dubois, Moisant, to mention only writers of important books.

But if we have, at various periods in the past, seemed to foreign spectators of sufficient interest to warrant their publishing an occasional book about us, it was not till within the last few years, indeed the last twelve months, that we have aroused upon the

[1] *Dublin: Explorations and Reflections* (Maunsel).

[2] The only exception of which I am aware is a recent book by Escouflaire, *L'Irlande ennemie*, written in the heat of the war, and at once translated into English. It refutes itself.

Continent—I should rather say in four continents, for India, Egypt, and America, both North and South, must be added to Europe—a really widespread interest. Within the last year the writer has happened to see articles, sometimes well-informed, nearly always sympathetic, in the periodicals not only of the hitherto indifferent countries of Europe, Yougo-Slavia, Spain, Austria, Poland, Belgium, but in Asiatic periodicals such as the "Modern Review" of India and a native Chinese magazine of Shanghai.[1] I have little doubt that interest has likewise been awakened in Japan.

The three books before us represent on the one hand the interest in us of France, of old date but grown keener than ever,[2] on the other the more widespread interest which we owe partly to the general reawakening of national aspirations consequent on the war, but more, I think, to what we have done for ourselves, not so much abroad, in our attempts at propaganda, but in our own country, by our actual accomplishments. This may seem boastful, but I believe it to be true.

Let us consider first the works of MM. Goblet (Louis Tréguiz) and Briollay. I doubt if there be any French review of importance which has not in the course of the past twelve months published articles on Ireland. But the great majority of these articles suffer from the serious drawback that they are based on information received at second hand.[3] That cannot be said of these two books. Their authors are eye-witnesses, though in different degrees. M. Goblet has visited Ireland and has, moreover, studied our language and Gaelic literature;[4] M. Sylvain Briollay has actually resided among us for some years past. For the rest, they bring very different accomplishments to their task and deal with their subject in a widely different manner.

M. Goblet's documentation is admirable, he has mastered the "literature of the subject"—newspapers, Irish as well as English, Unionist, Liberal and Republican, are constantly quoted. British

[1] It contained photographs of Lord Mayor MacSwiney's funeral and an article on modern Irish literature.

[2] Since June of this year M. Briollay's book has passed through seven editions.

[3] To this there are important exceptions. Several French newspapers have, in the course of the past twelve months, sent representatives to Ireland, M. J. Marsillac of the *Journal*, M. Naudeau of *L'Illustration*, as well as representatives of *l'Echo de Paris*, *La Croix* and other papers. There have also been articles not a few from writers who have personal acquaintance with Ireland, such as M. X. Moisant, M. Maurice Bourgeois, M. Léon Paul-Dubois, who has just concluded a series of articles in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

[4] He quotes in Irish from Egan O'Rahilly, Angus O'Daly, and other Gaelic writers.

and Irish official documents have been used, with caution and critical discrimination ; reports of the innumerable " commissions " that have reported on Ireland, and the most recent books, all have been laid under contribution. The result is an admirable presentation of *the facts*—that certainly, but not more than that, unless we except an occasional summing up of the case in which we see that, in the author's view, the facts tell conclusively for Ireland. Such a presentation of the facts, judicial and impartial (so far as any mind that is more than an automaton can be impartial), was M. Goblet's scope and aim in writing his book. " There will not be found here," he tells us in the preface, " either a brief for Ireland or a defence of British policy, but a historical study as objective as a contemporary of the events could make it." Most Irishmen ask no more than that public opinion outside of Ireland be placed in possession of the facts, the whole of the facts. Unhappily, though these 460 closely packed pages of M. Goblet contain a mass of valuable information, not a tithe of the relevant facts could be packed into such a book. We feel that something more is needed, that behind the facts there are greater things than facts—the ideas that give them a meaning. M. Goblet has not gone behind the facts. He has probed neither the Irish mind nor the English in search of ideas, racial characteristics, hereditary prejudices, those thousand and one subtle and occult but all powerful influences that shape and fashion the course of history.

If we are glad that M. Sylvain Briollay has attempted what M. Goblet has eschewed, we are far from blaming the latter or seeking to depreciate his book. On the contrary, we must recognize with gratitude the great service he has rendered us by placing at the disposal of readers of French the world over a mass of accurate information set forth with that precision and admirable clearness of arrangement which we expect in French books. It is not easy to give an adequate idea of this remarkable review of our recent history. The book is in six parts. In the first we have an account of the political evolution in Ireland between 1893 and 1914. The second deals with Ireland's share in the War, the magnitude of Ireland's military effort, not only in valour but in numbers, being recognised in the most generous way (pp. 329 *sq.*) The third traces the course of the events which led up to Easter Week, 1916. I do not think that a convinced Republican would quarrel with the author's presentation of these events. Next, in parts four and five,[1] we have the events from 1916 to 1918, the series of alternate

[1] With Part Five commences that portion of M. Goblet's book which is entirely new. The previous edition ended with the close of the Convention in 1917.

cuffs and caresses—Convention, Home Rule Bill, German "Plots," Conscription—with the ever-increasing series of raids and arrests, the net result of all which was merely to hasten the "landslide" towards Sinn Féin. The sixth and, I think, much the most interesting part reviews in the first place what the writer calls "la transformation intérieure," not forgetting the economic aspect of the world-war and incidentally dismissing the notion that Ireland drew solid economic profit from a war in which she refused to do her share (pp. 337-343). He then depicts admirably the development of world-opinion on the Irish question, and details Ireland's efforts for international recognition at the Peace Conference. He insists on the twofold effort that was made to isolate Ireland from the world and to suppress within it all expression of public opinion (p. 375). His concluding chapter is an excellent summary, ending with the close of 1920, first of the reign of terror which did duty for British policy in Ireland from August, 1920, to May, 1921; and in the second place the abortive efforts for peace which had been tried up to the end of 1920. Such a placing on record of the facts by a writer belonging to neither of the contending parties[1] was indispensable: we have cause to be grateful for it.

No less indispensable was a study of the problem in a very different aspect—that of the ideas, emotions, instincts, prejudices that lie at the back of all these outward happenings. To this study M. Sylvain Briollay has made a very interesting contribution. Though he, too, deals with the events of the last few years, the chief value of his book lies, I think, in his critical appreciation of the spirit and mentality of Sinn Féin and in his no less interesting analysis of the English mind on the Irish question. To this we shall confine our attention.

To convey an adequate notion of M. Briollay's views it would be necessary to quote very extensively from his book.[2] We must content ourselves with a very inadequate summary. What strikes him most in the thought of Sinn Féin is its extremist character, that is, he explains, the definite and deliberate determination to ignore what *is* while bestowing their attention on, and even admitting the existence of, only what *ought to be*. The causes he finds on the one hand in the character of the party, the leaders of which were, many of them, educationists, professional men, anything but business men—tout cela d'une jeunesse extrême et

[1] This had already been done in part by X. Moisant in his book *L'Âme de l'Irlande*.

[2] We understand that an English translation is in preparation, and we recommend the reading of this chapter in particular

fougueux à proportion,[1] and on the other hand in the Irish temperament itself, idealist to the almost total neglect of the actual. He bears witness at the same time to the high moral worth—courage, integrity, unselfishness, of the leaders of Sinn Féin and to the no less splendid qualities of so many of the rank and file. Naturally, he goes on, there is in the idealism of Sinn Féin, and particularly in its intransigence, a very large element of illusion, without which it would not be possible to keep patriotism at fever heat or to maintain an unshakeable optimism. As M. Briollay develops this idea I do not think we need quarrel with it. Human life would not be livable without illusions : a disillusioned nation fed solely on cold facts would not have stomach for a national struggle such as ours. Moreover we see, by what the author subsequently says, that he recognises how far the words idealism and optimistic illusion are from summing up the whole of Sinn Féin.[2] Even the thoroughly Irish and, he adds, thoroughly Christian, eagerness for sacrifice which he remarks in the young men and women of Ireland to-day, is not without the consciousness that sacrifice is not in vain. Out of the seemingly vain sacrifice of 1916 there has arisen a new Ireland. And ideas passionately believed in have a tendency to realize themselves. Nor is he unaware of the fact, though he fails to emphasize it,[3] that never were there idealists who were so eager and so determined to realize their ideals here and now.

But I must pass to M. Briollay's searching analysis of the British mind in regard to Ireland (pp. 119 *sqq.*). I would fain, were that possible, reproduce it in its entirety. He maintains that the average Englishman[4] has no hatred towards Ireland, still less towards individual Irishmen. On the contrary he rather likes "dear old Ireland," with its fine scenery and interesting folklore, its picturesque and backward people, so quaint and superstitious, and

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[1] As he read these words there floated up before the mind's eye of the present writer a memory of the sun descending through the roof of the Round Room in the Mansion House and lighting up bald heads, not a few, and grizzled beards, among the assembly gathered there on the 16th of August, 1921. But let that pass. The Republican deputies, if not all in their first youth, certainly represent the youth of Ireland.

[2] He sees, for instance, in the extreme demands of Sinn Féin an element of bluff combined with what he calls its "mysticisme de la justice" and its enormous faith in the future. Whether he be right time only can show. This bluff, if it exist, has hitherto been admirably concealed.

[3] He gives, however, a good account of the constructive work of the Republican government.

[4] M. Briollay is speaking, throughout, of the mass of uneducated or half-educated English public opinion. Applied to the élite his views would, no doubt, require some modification.

if somewhat dirty and unbusinesslike, at all events refreshingly unconventional. He rather likes the Irishman, with his wit and his brogue, his easy-going ways and hearty manner. He admires and enjoys good-natured Paddy, as the Roman enjoyed the Graeculus or the Prussian enjoyed the Pole—so long as Irishman, Greek, or Pole kept in their places. But that the inferior race should insolently dream of equality, should talk of independence and its sovereign rights, the thing is unthinkable, and good natured tolerance *tourne à la fureur énorme, à l'indignation démesurée.* All history (as they understand it) protests against so preposterous a claim. Ireland is the very symbol of British race-superiority. That the Celt, picturesque, out-at-elbow, unpractical, born to serve, should vindicate his absolute equality with the British race would be topsy-turveydom, pure and simple. Yet so much is it a matter of course, so much a matter of inherited blood that the average Englishman is unconscious of the depth of his contempt. I must content myself with this very unsatisfactory attempt to present M. Briollay's thought.

The rest of his book is an indictment of British methods in Ireland in these last two or three years, an indictment that is the more damaging because written with calmness and detachment. He fully recognises England's difficulty. To ask, he says excellently, a great conquering nation that has just come out of a desperate death struggle flushed with victory to withdraw its talons from a prey which it has been holding for centuries, and that merely in the name of justice, is to ask it to perform an act of almost preternatural self-denial. He recognises, too, that the only way of overcoming really national resistances is force naked and unashamed, force that stops at no destruction. The country must be dealt with as the "infernal columns" dealt with the Vendée, as Ireland was dealt with in '98 and India at Amritsar. To be shocked or scandalized at that seems to M. Briollay either stupidity or hypocrisy. Force is force, and conquest is conquest. There is no more to be said. We put on record the author's view, without fully endorsing it.

I have left myself but little space in which to deal with our Egyptian spectator's interesting book about us. Of its twenty chapters the first eleven are filled by a descriptive itinerary through the four provinces of Ireland, the last five are concerned with the co-operative movement—a competent and valuable study. It is in the intervening chapters and particularly in chapters xiv. and xv., "The Awakening of a Nation," that the author has set forth his general estimate of us. In the former chapter he deals with the

language movement, which, in the two French books had been somewhat lightly passed over. In the latter he reviews the labour movement and the delicate situation that has all along existed between it and Sinn Féin. Let it be said at once that he is in thorough sympathy with the full Republican faith: he has made himself thoroughly familiar with what we used to call the Irish Ireland point of view and has adopted it to the full. As an observer he has at least the advantages of some years' residence in our midst, detachment from political life, experience of other countries, and a culture which is evident even to a casual reader of his book. What are his dominant impressions? "I have found," he says, "nothing wrong with the Irish people; they are not what their enemies represent them to be; they are a peaceful, industrious, conscientious, and lovable people." (Introd., p. 3). He has "taken occasion to compare things Irish and Egyptian, with the result that some of the defects of our national character and institutions have been brought under notice." It is refreshing to meet with observers of us who do not confine themselves to lecturing, patronising, or apologizing for us.

We may, then, assure foreign students of Irish affairs that they have in these three books substantially accurate and fair-minded appreciations of events and conditions here. But I do not, therefore, think that they can without loss dispense themselves from reading expositions of the movement by those who are of it—Griffith, MacSwiney (*Principles of Freedom*), Figgis, O'Hegarty, de Blácam, "Gnathai gan Iarraih," and others. Still more valuable, I think, from their point of view is the detached and critical study, *The Evolution of Sinn Fein*, by Professor Robert Mitchell Henry, of Queen's University, Belfast. But I doubt if there be any piece of writing in which the spirit of the movement is interpreted with such insight and expounded with such power of expression, as in a pamphlet of some fifteen pages by Æ—*The Inner and the Outer Ireland*. He has seized upon the central truth that at bottom this whole movement is the aspiration, largely subconscious, of a people gasping for untrammelled self-expression as a nation, a self-expression denied it throughout almost the entire course of its history. Mr. Russell understands as few others the economic side of the question; he appreciates as an Ulsterman the Ulster difficulty; but in his eyes the problem is essentially a spiritual one. The Irish people simply want to be free, not out of any abstract love of freedom, but for what they believe they can do with their freedom. "They feel in themselves a genius which has not yet been manifested in a civilization—as Greek, Roman, and Egyptian have in the past externalised their genius in a society with a culture, arts and sciences

peculiar to themselves." That genius is felt to be essentially, radically un-British: it "looks back to the pure Gael as to an ancestral self." S. J. Brown.

II.—Irish Mortality in New York and Pennsylvania.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

In a paper read at the Second International Congress of Eugenics, held in New York at the end of September, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York City, presented some rather startling statistics with regard to the death rate among Irish emigrants in the United States, and particularly in New York and Pennsylvania, where so many of the people from Ireland take up their residence after their arrival. Careful study has shown that the mortality among those born in Ireland living in the United States is ever so much higher than that of the native stock; but it is also higher than that of the other racial stocks from Europe represented in the country's population, and is distinctly higher than that of the Irish people at home. It is very evident from these researches that the Irish who come to America must make up their minds that they will have to sacrifice some years of the life that might have been theirs in return for the privilege of living and working on our American soil.

The facts have been known in general for some time, and have been brought out emphatically by Dr. Austin O'Malley in his studies of the Irish in America;[1] but a great many people felt that perhaps this was a case where statistics could not quite be trusted, or where there was something latent in the situation that would explain away their ominous character. For while, of course, figures do not lie, it is well known that they may be made to say almost anything which the compiler wishes them to say; and a familiar expression in America is that we have three kinds of lies, plain lies,—lies and statistics, and three kinds of liars, just plain everyday liars,—liars and statisticians. The older figures have been so confirmed by recent and more careful investigations, in which apparently every discounting factor has been taken into account, that now there seems no doubt left as to the comparatively high mortality of the Irish here in America. Dr. O'Malley's picturesque expression, "It is hard to understand why the Irish come over to find a graveyard here in America," has a very broad basis of truth behind it.

[1] See his article in *Studies*, Dec., 1918.

Dr. Dublin's statistics were presented before the International Congress of Eugenics, at which there were representatives from many countries all over the world, and many distinguished professors from our universities in America. The questions discussed were particularly those which would enable the people of our day to understand just how the immense losses inflicted upon humanity by the war can be compensated for during the generations to come. The war seems to have had a sobering effect upon the Eugenists; for most of the discussions were from a much more thoroughly conservative standpoint than has usually been associated with the word Eugenics.

The discussion of the Irish mortality was merely one element in the presentation of facts as to the possibilities for improvement of conditions so as to bring about a decrease of the death rate and a lengthening of human life. It was undertaken entirely from an objective standpoint and without any ulterior purpose except to learn the facts and present them. This makes the results of the investigation all the more striking. Eliminating from consideration all age periods below twenty because of the small representation of the Irish emigrants at the younger ages, the Irish males show death rates very greatly in excess of the native stock; at ages 25 to 64 the death rate in Pennsylvania and New York State of those born in Ireland is over two and one half times that of the native population. This is true for females as well as males, showing that it is not hazardous occupations nor other accidental circumstances which cause these high figures, but that there is actually something in the relationship of the Irish-born to their physical environment in this country which causes them to die more readily than the natives of the country. This is not true for other foreign stocks; for certain of them compare very favourably in their death rates with the native Americans. Indeed the Russian Jews, in spite of the difficult living conditions in which they are so often placed, actually have a lower death rate than that of the natives. The Italians have a mortality scarcely higher than that of the native Americans, though they are the manual labourers, exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, subject to accident, and therefore presumably not likely to be so long lived as the better-to-do Americans around them.

The causes of this very high death rate among Irish emigrants are many, including particularly their liability to the great disease scourges of humanity. The Irish-born who live in America suffer under a great handicap with regard to pulmonary tuberculosis. In both Pennsylvania and New York, between the ages of 25 to 44,

the death rate from consumption among Irish males is about twice as large as for natives. As the years of life go on the Irish disadvantage is even greater. Among the females born in Ireland and living in America the disparity in the mortality rate at the same ages is somewhat less marked, but it is still present. The Irish fall victims particularly to the respiratory diseases; for their death rate from pneumonia in both sexes is ever so much higher than among the natives. There are more than three times as many deaths from pneumonia in proportion to their numbers among the Irish at the ages of 25 to 64 as there are among the natives.

It has been suggested that this fatal susceptibility to the respiratory diseases is due to the fact that a very large proportion of the Irish who come to America have been dwellers in the country districts, where they have spent a great portion of their lives out of doors, while they come over here to work in factories or stores, away from the open air life of their early years. Besides, it is thought that their unaccustomedness to keeping windows open over in Ireland, in the country places at least (for the open half-door serves for the ventilation of their cottages), leaves them without the protection against the bacilli of respiratory disease which the maintaining of open windows night and day affords to the native American population. The night and day open window, for living and sleeping rooms, is of course an ideal which has not as yet been reached in America; but it is coming more and more to be a very general custom. The American native death rate from tuberculosis still remains high as an index of their distance from the ideal in this regard, but the Irish are said to be sad neglectors of the opening of windows so as to renew the freshness of air and render pulmonary tissues more resistive against the invasion of the very dangerous bacilli of the respiratory diseases.

Such an explanation seems a little far-fetched, however, and when it is found that all the other serious diseases with which ventilation has very little, if anything, to do, are also high in their death rates among the Irish, the theory loses not a little of its plausibility. Those born in Ireland have probably at least as good habits as regards the ventilation of their living and sleeping rooms as have the Italians, Russians, and Austro-Hungarians in the American population, and yet these present a comparatively low tuberculosis death rate. At most of the age periods they are even lower than for the native-born. The extraordinary susceptibility of the Irish to tuberculosis of the lungs would seem to be something racial or environmental to the people; for as a rule the Irish-born who are in this country now do not live crowded together as do

many of the other foreign-born populations, and they are likely to be better nourished than the Italians and Russians, whose tuberculosis death rates are so much better than theirs.

Cancer, organic disease of the heart and Bright's disease, all claim proportionately many more victims among the Irish than among the natives or the other foreign stocks, so far as the statistics of Pennsylvania and New York go. Only the Italians enjoy an exceptional immunity from cancer; all the other foreign-born individuals, male and female, at the age period 45 to 64, show death rates from fifty to one hundred per cent. higher than that of the natives. The conditions among the Irish are strikingly bad, so that more than twice as many Irish-born males and females die from cancer as of the natives. There is absolutely no inkling of the reason for this. Indeed it is very probable that, if the reason could be found, it would prove a step towards the solution of that greatest mystery of pathology at the present time, the cause of cancer. The comparative immunity of the Italians is probably an element of the same kind in the problem. The great difference between the Italians and the Irish in this country is their attitude toward the eating of meat; for the Irish are great meat eaters, while the Italians substitute cheese, macaroni, peas, beans and other lentils to a considerable extent for meat. But then meat as a cause of cancer or as a contributing factor of any kind has been supposed to be eliminated by the comparative cancer statistics of vegetarian and carnivorous people.

The Irish present the highest death rate from organic disease of the heart, and this is ever so much higher than that for the native stock and for the Irish in their own country. An even more unfavourable position is occupied by the Irish with regard to Bright's disease. At ages 25 to 64 proportionately twice as many of the Irish die of Bright's disease as the native born. This is the one phase of the statistics in which Irish females are in a worse position than the males. This would seem to negative the presumption that might so readily occur that possibly the indulgence in stimulants, and especially in strong spirituous liquors, was responsible for the irritation of the kidneys which leads to Bright's disease. The Irish women are certainly not given to over-indulgence in alcoholic liquors to any great extent, and besides physicians have been unable to trace any direct connection between Bright's disease and inebriety.

In all of these diseases the Irish mortality rate is higher in America than it is at home in their own country. Irish males at home at ages 45 to 64, for instance, had, according to the last census

statistics available (1911), a pneumonia rate less than one-third as great as for Irish-born males living in Pennsylvania and New York. The same thing was even more strikingly true with regard to the pneumonia rate among females. Nearly the same proportion in favour of the Irish at home is found with regard to tuberculosis. Even more striking in their favour are the figures for Bright's disease. Actually more than six times as many of the Irish die from this disease in Pennsylvania and New York, in proportion to the number of Irish in these States, as of the Irish living at home. The mortality from organic heart disease in the later period of life is more than twice as high among the Irish living in America as among those who stayed in Ireland.

When these death rates are reduced to expectancy of life, that is to the form in which they are much more intelligible to most people, the meaning of the situation becomes much clearer. At the age of ten years the expectancy of life among native born Americans is a little over fifty years. For the Russian Jews living in America it is about a year longer than this. For the Italians it is not quite a year less, and the other foreign races have a diminishing expectancy of life down to the Irish, who on the average will live only about thirty-eight years. This is two years less than the negro expectancy of life in New York, though the conditions under which the negro lives are often thought to predispose him to short-livedness.

The figures would seem to show that the young Irish man or woman who comes to America is actually making a sacrifice of about ten years of life. The matter has been the subject of so much careful research and of so many scientific discussions that there would appear to be no possible doubt of the truth of this conclusion. It is a sad state of affairs, and it is a pity that it is so ; but it is true. If, as seems clear now, a new era of peace and prosperity is opening up for Ireland, nothing would be better for the youth of the Irish race than to remain in their own country or at least avoid America ; for in some way the climate and physical conditions generally of the land of the strenuous life seem to be very definitely unfavourable to them. The Irish factor in American life has meant so much for the country that it is extremely unfortunate that the cost of its presence and influence has been so high. The Irish have been martyrs to the cause of the faith here in America, sacrificing many years of life for the sake of such up-building of the Church as has come so manifestly because of their presence. Advantages are not gained except by sacrifices, and this was an extremely serious, though practically unconscious, sacrifice that the Irish made.

JAMES J. WALSH.

REVIEWS.

Agriculture.

MIXED FARMING. By Joseph Hanly, A.R.C.Sc.I. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker. 1921. 21*s.* net.

THIS book is a noteworthy contribution to Irish agricultural progress. It is clearly the work of a man of wide experience and practical knowledge of the many phases of our farming system. By his early practical experience, his subsequent scientific training, and his educational and administrative work in Irish agriculture, the author is well qualified to deal with his subject.

Every aspect of farm practice—treatment of soils, cultivation of all crops, improvement of live stock, use of manures and feeding stuffs—is dealt with exhaustively, with illuminating suggestion and helpful instruction. Interesting chapters, written in simple language, are given on such matters as Mendelism and Ensilage. We read the valuable and practical chapters on potatoes and oats with special interest. Both must always remain the most important and widespread Irish crops, and everything that increases our knowledge of their varieties, cultivation and improvement deserves commendation.

The most interesting portion of the book deals with the problem of Irish live stock. It is in this section, perhaps, that the author shows most clearly his originality of outlook and complete knowledge of Irish conditions. There is a challenge to the lines of policy upon which efforts have been made to improve Irish cattle and horses. These lines are generally well known. They have been largely based on the introduction of Shorthorn, Hereford and Aberdeen Angus bulls and Thoroughbred horses, and they have generally proved unsatisfactory in their results. Mr. Hanly would proceed on entirely other lines. He holds, and (we are convinced) with sound reason, that the improvement of Irish stock should largely come from within. By careful selection of good Irish cows and good Irish mares, and by mating them with selected sires of their own type, much greater improvement could unquestionably be made than by the introduction of foreign sires of unsuitable pedigree. It was by systematic selection from within, and by intensified local improvement that all the great breeds of England and Scotland were originally made famous. "The general tendency in this country," he says, "has always been to neglect and disregard the fixed peculiarities of our own breeds of stock and to introduce other animals from outside which, although pre-eminent in their native environment, have not always proved suitable for our damper and more exposed climate."

It is only nowadays that our people are beginning to realise the harm that beef Shorthorns have done on the milking qualities of Irish cattle. It is a remarkable fact that the great bulk of the dairy herds found by the author, when travelling through England some years ago, were ordinary cross-bred cows imported direct from Ireland. His views are founded on wide experience, and they express what has always been the practical knowledge of farmers in a great many parts of the country. The book, if only for these views alone, deserves to be widely known, and it is not too much to hope that it may have an effect upon the policy of live stock improvement that must always be in operation in a country where this industry is so pre-eminently important.

We should like, and in a future edition we hope we shall find, more detailed information on the question of catch cropping, or continuous cropping, as we prefer to call it. The continuous cropping system very likely is not all that is claimed for it ; but in a year of early harvest and short crops, such as the present year essentially has been, we are convinced that the sowing of catch crops can be most helpful in providing cheap and plentiful supplies of green fodder in spring. Practical farmers are anxious in any case for an authoritative investigation of the possibilities of the continuous cropping system. We should also like to see a chapter dealing with farm machinery. The problem of successful mixed farming depends on labour, and therefore on machinery. It is a most important subject, and we hope that in a future edition Mr. Hanly will also deal with this matter. From the practical farmer's point of view a chapter on the diseases or rather the common ailments of live stock, with simple methods of treatment, would enhance the value of the work.

Speaking generally, we have nothing but praise for this book. It finds its roots in the conditions of our country. It is written with the problems and the needs of Ireland always in view. In its way it is an evidence of the intense intellectual awakening of the country. It is an evidence that we are at last prepared to think out our own problems in our own way, and that we can bring complete breadth of view and wide knowledge to their consideration. We should like to see it in the hands of the young farmers of Ireland especially, but we should also like to see it carefully studied by members of local bodies and farmers' organisations of every kind, and indeed by all who wish for light and leadership in matters agricultural, and who have power in their hands to control the policy for the regeneration of Irish agriculture.

DIARMUID Ó RIAIN.

Apologetics.

LA THÉOLOGIE DU RÉVÉLÉ. Par Michel d'Herbigny, S.J. Paris : Beauchesne. 1921. 12 fr.

MANY will recall a passage in Canon Sheehan's *The Blindness of Dr. Gray* : "The Catholic theologian is the richest merchant, but the poorest shopkeeper, in the world. He has countless riches, but he does not know how to use or display them. He has all kinds of antique and Oriental treasures, bales of costly goods, diamonds of Golconda, topazes of Persia, spoils and seizures from Greece, the flotsam and jetsam from all the wrecked argosies of ancient and modern times ; but he does not know how to dress his shop window. He keeps his treasures like some vastly wealthy and usurious Jew in some secret bazaar in a white-walled and isolated city of the East. It takes a long time to travel thither ; and men nowadays will not make pilgrimages after wisdom."

Father d'Herbigny must have had a very similar thought in his mind when he set himself to write a general introduction to theology. He is persuaded that the science of God, based on His revelation, is an immensely more interesting and fruitful ground for study and investigation than medicine or engineering or any other branch of knowledge that has its votaries. Why not make it accessible to the uninitiated ? So he determines to pass over the specialists—though perhaps they too will take an interest in what he has to say—and describe for common folk what theology means and what subjects it deals with. And excellently has he performed his task. It is to be hoped that many who consider themselves theologians will read this volume. It may come as a surprise to some, at least, to find that what they may have considered a skeleton, a mere anatomical model, is warm with flesh and blood and life. And for outsiders the book will be a revelation. The ordinary layman has little conception of what theology as a science is. And it would have been hard to put into his hands just the right book to enlighten him. If the French language is no obstacle, here at last is the book.

The plan of this book is simple. It has three parts. The first deals with what the theology of revelation presupposes, namely, a philosophy which takes account of the powers and of the limitations of human reason, faith, and the channels by which revelation comes to us. The second part takes up theology itself, points out some false conceptions of it, and gives a masterly presentation of the content of the science, the divine life and the absorption of the rational creature into that life. With Father d'Herbigny theology is not a merely speculative study ; the knowledge and contemplation

of God are to result in union with Him, a union to be made perfect, like our theology, in the world to come. The aim of theology is, not to make *savants*, but to make saints. The third part of the treatise deals with the grades of theological study, which the author makes three in number—primary, embracing early catechetical teaching; secondary, in which he includes the higher religious instruction in schools and seminary studies; and the highest, the work of specialists in criticism, research, and apologetics. This is the barest outline, and gives no idea of the charm of style, depth of knowledge, and wealth of matter the book contains. It should be read by every theological student, every educated Catholic, and everyone who wishes to build the edifice of the spiritual life solid and enduring. H. A. J.

APOLOGETICA. By Joannes T. Langan, S.J., Professor of Apologetics, Woodstock, U.S.A., Chicago: Loyola University Press. 1921. $3.50.

Now that the centre of gravity of religious controversy has shifted to the most fundamental doctrines of religion, the study of Apologetics has assumed a greatly enhanced importance. Much that was formerly taken for granted must at present be demonstrated. New difficulties have been raised, or older difficulties given a new form, by recent biblical criticism, the study of Comparative Religion, as it is called, and the numerous controversies circling round Christian origins. This has led to the creation of special courses in fundamental theology. At once a need was felt for newer text-books, not so much *De Ecclesia*, on which we have several excellent manuals, as *De Vera Religione*, where it was evident that the older treatises were completely out of date. Hitherto we have been almost confined to Tanqueray's *Theologia Fundamentalis*, Pesch's volume I., and Lahousse's *De Vera Religione*—all excellent in their way, but none so complete as to render additions to our stock superfluous. Hence Father Langan's work is intended to meet an admitted want.

The only thing that can come into question is the manner in which it has done so. After a careful survey of the book, I am happy to be able to record my opinion that it fulfils its aim admirably. In many respects this is an ideal text-book. First, as to externals it leaves nothing to be desired. Paper, binding, printing, form, arrangement are unsurpassed. It is further enriched by an ample bibliography and a good index.

As to internals, its most striking characteristic is an amazing condensation. More packed pages I have never read. Yet they

are not obscure ; on the contrary they are remarkably lucid. Only one who has traversed the ground can appreciate how much is here covered in those short paragraphs and sentences which the eye runs over easily, but which contain the essentials in pithiest form. This is seen most of all in the treatment of difficulties, which are very numerous, tersely put, and solved often by a word, but *the* word. Many text-books appear to aim at rendering the professor a *praelector* in the most literal sense of the term. Father Langan will conciliate his colleagues in this branch of theology by giving them an Ariadne thread through the maze of matter without rendering them as impersonal as a Greek chorus. They have a ground plan which they can elaborate at will by the aid of clear references. I have only one complaint. With regard to the Fathers, why omit Migne ? It would save some more trouble. Still, with so much to be thankful for, this is almost ungracious. *Ad multas editiones.*

P. J. Gannon.

Archaeology.

PRE-HISTORY : A Study of Early Cultures in Europe and the Mediterranean Basin. By M. C. Burkitt, M.A., F.G.S. London : Cambridge University Press. 1921. 35*s.* net.

Mr. M. C. Burkitt is a fortunate man. He has visited the sculptured rocks of Scandinavia and North Russia ; he has excavated at Castillo with Obermaier ; he has had the opportunity of arranging Lalanne's collection from Laussel ; he has studied the palaeolithic paintings of Southern France and Spain under the inspiring guidance of Breuil. Surely it has been given to few " Pre-historians " to pursue their studies under auspices so happy.

In the book before us, which is intended as a text-book for Mr. Burkitt's classes at Cambridge, the author describes in a preface his field experiences, which are further brought vividly before the reader in a second preface, all too short and very sympathetic, contributed to the work by Prof. l'Abbé Breuil. The text of the book is divided into twenty-one chapters, and is followed by forty-seven plates and a full index.

In the introductory chapter, which is a kind of preliminary glance over the subject, there are many shrewd and sensible remarks. It would be well if all theorists remembered that " theories deduced from material found by labourers, and not absolutely authenticated or dated, are worse than useless " (p. 9). In the chronological outline of the history of the subject (p. 10 *ff.*) the omission of the publication of Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature*, which marks an

epoch in the study, should be rectified in the next edition. The section on Geology gives the student all that he needs to know; but for students of this book it was perhaps unnecessary to introduce the somewhat cumbrous metaphors of "Volumes" and "Chapters" to make the succession of geological periods more comprehensible. The convenient summary of the different beds of Boulder-clay in England is especially useful. The chapters on the interpretation of stratification ("Man in relation to Geology") and on Flint and Flint tools are very thorough, though the latter would have been improved by references to the illustrations in the plates at the end of the book. On Eoliths the writer takes up a non-committal attitude. In the portion following, Mr. Burkitt treads well-trodden ground, following in the footsteps of Gabriel de Mortillet, Déchelette, Obermaier, Sollas, Osborn, and others, who have written on the history of Palaeolithic culture in its successive manifestations from Chellean to Magdalenian and Azilian. We are glad to see that Mr. Burkitt recognises Middle Palaeolithic as separable from Lower Palaeolithic. Here there is not much novelty in the treatment possible: perhaps the chief advance that Mr. Burkitt has made over his predecessors is to indicate more fully the finer sub-divisions that the work of excavators has introduced into the broad lines of classification first laid down by Gabriel de Mortillet.

The brief account of the Neolithic and Bronze Ages does not pretend to be more than an indication of how these later periods are linked to the times that went before. This chapter, and that on the Palaeolithic human remains that follow, can be looked upon only as introductions to the subject, giving an outline to be filled in by special treatises. Mr. Burkitt does not appear to follow Boule in placing *Pithecanthropus erectus* on the simian rather than on the human branch of the Homo-Simian genealogical tree.

The pages which follow, describing the cave art, are the most important in the book, and of many caves Mr. Burkitt gives from his personal observations fuller accounts than can conveniently be obtained elsewhere. As befits a pupil of Breuil, he sets forth very thoroughly the evolutionary phases through which the art passed The study of the natural history of the animals figured in the caves is very interesting, though it would be made easier to read and to follow if the illustrations were distributed through the text or, at least, if references to the plates were inserted. Among the cave-descriptions we note what is probably the first account to appear in English of the *Grotte des Trois Frères*, a full monograph on which is so eagerly looked for.

These chapters on cave art are the nucleus around which the

book has grown. Mr. Burkitt explains in his preface that he had originally intended to write a short guide to the caves, but that this plan had been frustrated by the war. It might perhaps be questioned whether with his great experience of the caves he might not with advantage have expanded this portion of his study to the dimensions of the book before us, omitting the more general preliminary chapters: an up-to-date monograph on Palaeolithic and Early Neolithic art is becoming more and more urgently wanted, and only one who has had Mr. Burkitt's opportunities could write it.

In two concluding chapters the author touches on the art of the Neolithic and Early Bronze ages, and that of modern nature-folk. In the former, he makes some reference to the importance of Irish petroglyphs, and on his plate xl. he gives the first satisfactory publication of some of the scribings in the tumulus of Sess Kilgreen, Co. Tyrone. The illustrations of the Neolithic Spanish figures, and those of Onega, are especially interesting.

It is perhaps hypercritical to object (as some have done) to the title of the book as a *vox nihili*, or, at least, a not altogether welcome neologism. On the other hand, reasonable exception might be taken to the use of "humans" in several places as a noun substantive, and to "carnivore" without the final *e*. There are perhaps more misprints than there ought to be: on p. xviii. the Spanish word *percusión* is spelt with a doubled *s*, and elsewhere we see "Halstatt" for "Hallstatt," and "*Cervus etneriarum*" for "*etueriarium*."

While we have ventured to point out a few seeming blemishes, these do not seriously detract from the value of the book, which will, indeed, remain indispensable until Mr. Burkitt, or someone with equal experience and opportunity, shall give us a monograph on the prehistoric art of Europe. R.A.S.M.

Biography.

LA VIE DE MAURICE BARRÈS. Par Albert Thibaudet. Being Vol. II. of "Trente Ans de Vie Française." 1921. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1921. 10 frs.

To the serious student of contemporary French thought this solid volume will bring as a first impression more bewilderment than help. M. Thibaudet, whose services in making English authors known in France are quite as notable as in expounding French authors to their own countrymen, has conceived the patriotic design of analysing the main currents of thought that have vitalised French society during the thirty years 1890-1920. He finds their exponents in three

men, Charles Maurras, Maurice Barrès and Bergson, to each of whom in turn he devotes a volume of his tetralogy. His *Idées de Charles Maurras*, published last year, was a very lucid exposition of the intellectual attitude of a man whose importance has always been underrated on this side of the Channel. His second volume, recently issued, is scarcely as illuminating. In the first place, in what is necessarily, from the nature of the subject, a very complex study, the reader is afforded no sort of material help : there is neither bibliography nor even a biographical sketch, neither index nor proper table of contents. He finds himself plunged straightway into an elaborate exposition and analysis of M. Barrès' philosophic and aesthetic doctrine as inferred from the strongly autobiographical strain that runs through most of his novels, a discussion that can only be followed intelligently by one thoroughly familiar with the whole Barresian output. We can but assume that M. Thibaudet has so steeped himself in his subject that he has forgotten the pardonable ignorance of others. True, there follows a helpful section on the " Figures de Romans," in which each of M. Barrès' outstanding creations is examined in turn, and this again by some valuable pages on his technique as a novelist. None the less, the study as a whole is lacking in form and clarity and will be found difficult reading by all but the most resolute students.

For our own part we venture to question whether M. Barrès is quite worthy of so high a pedestal between Maurras and Bergson, and we fancy there have been moments when M. Thibaudet himself has been troubled with similar doubts. Maurice Barrès, surely, is primarily a novelist, and should be judged as a novelist and psychologist, and neither as a politician nor as a moulding influence on his country's fate. Frankly, his appearances in the political arena have not been happy. He was, once on a time, a Boulangist Deputy ; later he was, almost inevitably, an anti-Dreyfusard, and to-day, alas, three years after the Armistice, he is still, from the Tribune of the Chamber, preaching the doctrine of undying hate against Germany and helping to sow the seeds of the next European war. It is pleasanter to turn to his purely literary achievements. Writing a few years ago in the *Edinburgh Review* (Jan., 1916), Mr. Algar Thorold described M. Barrès very happily as a lyrical poet who writes in prose and is abnormally sensitive to fresh vibrations. Both he and M. Thibaudet agree that it is a quite logical development by which Barrès has progressed from his youthful *Culte du Moi*, when he proposed to attain to the uttermost sensibility by means of the uttermost self-analysis, to a naturalism based on Tradition and

Order. Readers of pagan sympathies will give their preference to the poetic novels of the first period, to the *Jardin de Bérénice*, full of an exquisite melancholy, and to the *Ennemi des Lois*, in which the novelist upholds the theory that refined sensibility will suppress all immorality, and preaches the attractive doctrine that, taught by centuries of civilisation, we can all be left to our superior instincts.

For our own part we infinitely prefer M. Barrès in his middle period when his romanticism finds so congenial a setting in his native Lorraine. All the volumes of the "Bastions de l'Est" series —*Colette Baudoche*, *Au Service de l'Allemagne*, and others—possess a warmth of feeling, a humanity quite absent from his earlier writings. But it is in *Les Déracinés*, the first of the "Énergie Nationale" trilogy, that M. Barrès found the subject peculiarly suited to his genius and his convictions. M. Thibaudet rightly says that it forms the summit of his achievement. It is a novel on the grand scale, crowded with characters and incident and developing a theme held with a passionate intensity : that the traditional spirit of France is being sapped by a false philosophy and a false cosmopolitanism and that the root of the evil lies in her false system of education. So the book opens on the poignant picture of life in the Nancy lycée, the pupils herded together, cut off from all healthy home life and falling an easy prey to the professor of philosophy, a disciple of Kant, a believer in pure reason, whose teaching is wholly destructive, uprooting the boy from his home, his tradition, his family. Not a little of this is autobiographical, and the seven disillusioned young men, all admirably differentiated, who go out from the lycée to seek their fortunes in Paris, and whose adventures fill three closely printed volumes, represent in a measure certain aspects of Barrès' own character.

This was the crucial problem for France as it presented itself to Barrès in the years before the war, and he pursues it in *Leurs Figures* all through the nauseating history of the Panama scandal. But the story is redeemed from its sordid realism by the noble indignation of the author, his love *quand même* for France and his unquenchable belief in her greatness even when he is revealing the lowest depths to which she had fallen. Here without doubt he deserved well of his country, and helped to build up the France we all learned to admire in 1914.

Not a little that is misleading has been written at times concerning M. Barrès' attitude towards the Catholic Church, and M. Thibaudet, in our opinion, places the matter in its right proportion. Barrès' eloquent plea for the historic churches of France, threatened with slow decay through deliberate official neglect, placed him before the world

as a defender of the faith to an extent that he never quite merited. M. Thibaudet makes it clear that his mind has never attained to any dogmatic certainty, indeed it has scarcely got beyond a "vague sentimentalism," based largely on the realisation that Catholicism has played an enduring part in the traditional France of his affections. As a matter of fact he has not been, at any period of his life, preoccupied with religion; it scarcely enters into his novels at all, with the exception of *La Colline Inspirée*, while on the other hand they are full of pagan ideas and images and sometimes of a cold cynicism that no really religious mind could reveal. V. M. C.

Celtica.

DIE IRISCHE HELDEN- UND KÖNIGSAGE BIS ZUM SIEBZEHNTEN JAHRHUNDERT. Von Rudolf Thurneysen. Teil I. und II. Halle (Saale): Max Niemeyer. 1921.

The writer of this admirable volume has, he tells us, a twofold object, to assist Celtic scholars by bringing order into chaos, and to give those who do not know Irish an accurate estimate of the subject-matter, if not of the literary charm, of the Irish sagas.

It is just sixty years since the publication of O'Curry's *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History* first gave his readers a glimpse of the rich stores of our native literature. In those days hardly any of it had been printed. O'Curry worked almost entirely from manuscripts. He was untrained in linguistic, literary or historical criticism. Only his perfect command of the modern language, and the wealth of literary tradition still strong in his youth, enabled him instinctively to guess his way through a Middle Irish tale. Neither O'Curry nor his contemporaries, giants though they were, had the materials or the experience at the service of scholars in this generation, and in estimating the date of a text they were often as much astray as a modern student would be who should attribute *Séadna* to the author of the *Forus Feasa*. Since then we have had more than half a century of linguistic research, nearly all the important tales have been edited and translated, and the time has come, in the light of clearer knowledge, for a revision of the work already produced. This revision demands high qualifications. It needs the rare combination of an accurate knowledge of a difficult and rapidly changing language, with a trained faculty for textual and higher criticism. Few Irish texts have gone into a second edition, and the first translations must be used with caution. Attempts such as are sometimes made to trace the development of Irish literature without a study of the original documents, or even a

knowledge of the language, cannot be expected to produce good results. But it is not enough to know the language. Whitley Stokes knew Old and Middle Irish much better than O'Donovan and O'Curry, and for forty years he poured forth a stream of texts and translations, but his interests lay outside that critical comparison and study of versions and sources which the Germans call *Philologie*, and as often as not he selected the wrong document as the basis of his edition.

Of Professor Thurneysen's rank as a philologist, in the usual English sense of the word, it is unnecessary to speak. His *Handbuch des Alt-Irischen* (1909) is the standard grammar of the language. During the last twelve years he has made a critical study of the early literature. A visit to Irish and English libraries in 1911 enabled him to examine and transcribe original documents. In the present volume he has done for the most important branch of our narrative literature what his *Handbuch* had done for the language. It is the work of a master.

He divides the Irish tales into four groups—the Ulster cycle, the Ossianic cycle, the mythological and historical cycle, and the Irish translations and adaptations from other languages. In this volume of over 700 pages, after a most instructive introduction on Irish MSS., narrative style, social life, etc., he gives a full analysis of every extant tale in the Ulster cycle, discusses its date, the relation of the different versions to one another, and the changes due to the "Kompilator" and the "Interpolator"; he shows how motives and characters were borrowed from earlier sagas to make up fresh tales; how in particular the famous tale of the Cattle Raid of Cuailnge, which can be traced back to the early eighth century, influenced later storytellers—in short, he brings into Irish literary studies the scientific methods which have long since been applied to the literatures of other countries. The complexity of the subject may be judged from the fact that Middle Irish prose is anonymous. There can be no history of authors, only a history of versions.

In a melancholy preface he points out that to deal with the remaining cycles he would need another visit to English and Irish libraries, a thing hardly to be hoped for in the present state of the world. No other living scholar has the judgment or the training to unravel the complex problems with the sure hand of Professor Thurneysen, and it will be the ardent wish of all his readers that he may be enabled to crown his life-work by completing his original undertaking.

Among the innumerable details of this volume there are a few points on which one may differ from the author. Thus on p. 94,

alluding to the Middle Irish interpretation of *connlongas* as "head of the exiles," he says that one would expect the elements of the compound to be arranged in the opposite order. But in later Middle Irish poetry at least the title is not a compound ; it is always scanned as *conn longas* (or *loinges*). The last syllable of *Dún Delgan* is short. So in the later poetry is the first syllable of *Emer*, though this is sometimes accented by Middle Irish scribes. On p. 369 he has been misled by the editor of *Cath Ruis na Rig*. There is no proper name *Recartaig* ; both syntax and alliteration demand the reading *co clannaib dílsib do(fh)recart(h)achaib Dedad.*

But occasional slips are inevitable. They do not impair the value of a splendid monument of German scholarship, which will make a knowledge of German more than ever essential to Irish students, for the book will for a generation to come be indispensable to all who work at Irish texts. No Irishman could have written it, but there is some satisfaction in the thought that many of the author's conclusions are founded on the brilliant discoveries of an Irish scholar, Dr. R. I. Best, and that the printing has been carried out "mit Unterstützung der Abteilung für irische Sprache der Dáil Eireann." O. J. B.

IRISH AT HOME ; or, Gædhilg sa mbaile. By Maire Ní Cheallachain, B.E. Dublin : Maunsel & Roberts. 1921. 2s. 6d. net.

Where a language cannot be learned in the natural way through continual intercourse with speakers of it, a phrase-book is a useful and indeed necessary substitute. By constant repetition of carefully chosen phrases and dialogues, the new words get associated with the old ideas and the things they represent, and the new expressions are indelibly impressed upon the memory. Applying this truth practically, Miss O'Callaghan has drawn up a series of dialogues which include all the ordinary thoughts and expressions used in daily life, and it can be safely asserted that anyone who follows faithfully the instructions she gives will, by the time he reaches the end of the book, be able to hold his own with sufficient facility in any ordinary conversation.

As the book is intended for private students, the pronunciation of every word and phrase is given. These phonetic renderings are usually consistent, but it is hard to understand why the liquid sound of "ll" in *brilliant* should be given to "l" in such words as *bail, baile, cailín, toil*, and no such liquid sound be prescribed for slender "ll" in such words as *tuilleadh, díthchéille, faill.* Mistakes are not many : some indeed are little more than misprints, as *ní* for *í* in *inghean ní Cheallaigh* ; but there is one which recurs persistently,

viz., the use of the present indicative for the present subjunctive or optative, *v.g.*, *go gcuiridh*, *go dtugaidh*, *go mairidh*, etc. This mistake will not interfere, however, with the student, as the pronunciation is always represented correctly. Why should an uncouth form like *abbmháthair* be used instead of the older and neater *banab* ? The idiom is good throughout, and consequently one is astonished to come across such a low type of Anglicised Irish as *a Mháthair Máire Peadar dhíl*. Leaving aside the questionable purity of forms like *Máire Peadar*, which have perhaps come to stay, Irish style requires *a Mháire Pheadair*, *a Mháthair dhíl*.

The book is well bound, and so will stand a good deal of rough usage, no unimportant matter in a book of this kind. It can be warmly recommended to all students ; for though no book can fully supply the place of the living voice, this book will enable them to acquire enough Irish to carry on an ordinary conversation and to overcome that shyness which all feel when attempting to express themselves in an imperfectly known language.

JOHN MACERLEAN.

Economics.

THE ECONOMICS OF WELFARE. By A. C. Pigou. London : Macmillan. 1920. 36*s*. net.

PROFESSOR PIGOU belongs to the cautious Cambridge school which takes Economics very seriously. This is a book of 976 pages, and the author pursues his enquiries with unrelenting thoroughness. The general reader must be struck by the elaborateness of the analyses and the tameness of the conclusions. In describing the plan of the book Professor Pigou says : " In Part I. it is argued, subject, of course, to a great number of qualifications, that the economic welfare of a community is likely to be greater (1) the larger is the *average* volume of the national dividend, (2) the larger is the *average* share of the national dividend that accrues to the poor, and (3) the less variable are the *annual* volume of the national dividend and the *annual* share that accrues to the poor." There are 108 large pages of close print devoted to the demonstration of these unexciting theorems !

Yet he would be a shallow reader who accused Professor Pigou of making a needlessly large book out of trivialities or redundancies or platitudes. There is no superfluous matter even in this enormous volume. The student who would obtain trustworthy generalisations in Economics must be content to travel at a snail's pace, if he is to appreciate the force of the " large number of qualifications " to

which the most uncontroversial conclusions of the science are subject. Professor Pigou warns the plain man against assuming any ability to adjudicate in Economics without special preparation. To seek a remedy for the misery and squalor that surround us is, says Prof. Pigou, the task, and to find it may be the prize, that Economic Science offers to those who face its discipline. There is no more competent economist than Professor Pigou to guide students, and no book published gives a more searching or comprehensive discussion of practical problems in the light of economic theory. But Professor Pigou never gets within sight of the needed remedy. Political Economy gives us no hope !

We may reduce the questions that Professor Pigou sets himself to two : to what extent does the free play of self-interest bring about a satisfactory production and distribution of wealth, and how far is it feasible for State action to improve upon " natural " tendencies ? Can the State control competitive prices so as to prevent profiteering ? The answer is in the negative. Can the State so control monopolies as to prevent undue restriction of output ? The answer is that the State could do very little and would do that badly. Can the State itself operate industries beneficially ? A non-committal answer is given that in some cases it possibly may. Can State intervention raise the wages of sweated workers who have less than the average bargaining power of wage-earners ? Yes, the State can do something effective here. But can the State bring all wages up to a " living wage ? " The answer is no, and the State would do harm if it tried.

For the description and analysis of economic facts it would be hard to improve on Professor Pigou, but his conclusions are almost as pessimistic as those of the old propounders of the " Iron Law of Wages." Political Economy is as dismal now as in the days of Malthus. Prof. Pigou does not hold the discredited doctrine that there is a natural and inevitable coincidence between the pursuit of the self-interest of each and the good of all ; but he holds, with Prof. Cannan, that the working of self-interest is generally beneficient because human institutions are arranged so as to compel self-interest to work in directions in which it will be beneficient. But here we get to the fundamental point, as a Catholic would suggest, showing the narrow limitations of naturalistic Economics. The most enlightened State policy has never succeeded with anything approaching adequacy in so controlling self-interest as to make it involuntarily contribute to the common good. We cannot be satisfied with attempts at directing self-interest, but we must try to overcome it. This can be done, in some degree at least, by religion.

"There can be no practical solution of the social question without the intervention of Religion and of the Church." This was the dictum of Pope Leo XIII. Every reader of Professor Pigou's book will be oppressed by the darkness of the outlook if we trust to economic devices alone. True, we cannot do without the enlightenment or the understanding that Economics gives, but neither can we do without the direction of the will which is effected by true religion. H.S.

LE TRAVAIL DANS L'EUROPE MODERNE. Par G. Renard et G. Weulersse. Paris: Alcan. 1920. 12 fr.

THE title of this book is somewhat misleading. What it suggests is an account of the condition of the labouring classes in modern Europe on the model of Levasseur's *Histoire des classes ouvrières en France*, or Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's studies of the English labourer; but what the book actually contains is an exhaustive account of the whole economic condition of European life from the second half of the fifteenth century to the last years of the eighteenth. Indeed we might accuse the authors of undue modesty in choosing a title which leads one to form a too narrow conception of what the volume contains.

The great economic revolution which characterized the period covered by the book is admirably and fully recounted. The authors point out that that revolution was based upon and was only rendered possible by the three great revolutions in other spheres that had preceded it: the political revolution, which led to the formation of the independent states of modern Europe; the intellectual and moral revolution, embodied in the Renaissance and the Reformation; and the geographical revolution consequent on the discovery of America and the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope. The joint effect of those three revolutions was completely to alter the nature of European economic life. The old dominial and urban economy of the Middle Ages was replaced by the national economy of the great states; and at the same time international trade assumed a position of unprecedented importance. The growth of Mercantile ideas resulted in nations being ruled as if they were gigantic commercial enterprises; as the authors well express it: "Les Etats s'assimilent eux-mêmes à des maisons de négociants en gros; ils prennent pour mesure de leur prospérité ce qu'ils appellent la balance du commerce, ils sont contents s'ils ont rendu plus qu'acheté." The new era in commerce was accompanied by a revolution in the domain of industry, marked by increased specialization of processes, many new inventions, and the separation of the employing from the working class. The beginning of the new period of economic develop-

ment which culminated in the industrial revolution is traced to the invention of printing: "L'imprimerie est bien l'invention-mère, la commune ancêtre des grandes découvertes industrielles qui devaient illustrer l'ère moderne."

After their preliminary survey of this wide field of history, the authors proceed to deal with the economic development of every country in Europe. Naturally some countries receive more attention than others, but none is neglected—not even Ireland, whose sad career is intelligently and sympathetically sketched. The only slip which has cropped into this part of the subject is the statement that the plantation of Ulster took place under Elizabeth. The section devoted to English economic history is well informed and satisfactory, and the point is well made that English industrial development was largely due to the orderly and peaceful manner in which political liberty was attained in England. All this part of the book is extremely well done, and supplies a want long felt by students.

We cannot help regretting that two such learned and capable authors should have neglected to give us the pleasure of hearing their views on the more purely spiritual and mental side of the development of modern capitalism. The conviction has been growing more and more strong in recent years that the phenomenon of modern industrialism cannot be accounted for simply by a material explanation, or in other words that the accumulation of modern capital can be but imperfectly understood without some reference to the growth of the capitalistic spirit. The authors, it is true, do not entirely overlook this aspect of the question, the influence of the Renaissance and the Reformation on men's economic ideas being incidentally referred to; but we should have liked this side of the subject more fully developed. Is the spirit animating modern industry to be traced with Weber to the influence of the Puritans, or with Sombart to that of the Jews? That is a question on which we would have liked to hear the views of MM. Renard and Weulersse, and we hope they will devote their attention to it in a further volume.

G. O'B.

A SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, 1815-1918. By J. F. Rees. London: Methuen. 1920. 5*s.* net.

A SHORT FISCAL AND FINANCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, 1815-1918. By J. F. Rees. Methuen. 1921. 6s.

TAXATION: YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW. By Robert Jones, D.Sc. London: King. 1921. 3s. 6d. net.

It is rather difficult to know what to say about Mr. Rees's two books. They are obviously intended to be text-books and little more; and

that is just what they are, with all the merits and all the defects of their genus. They are clear and concise; accurate, in the sense that they are not inaccurate, but not in the sense that they tell everything accurately, for the simple reason that they don't tell everything by any manner of means. Indeed it would be very nearly a miracle of précis-writing to "cabin" the *Social and Industrial History of England* (1815-1918) into one hundred and eighty pages; while even in the two hundred and thirty pages of his *Short Fiscal and Financial History of England* (1815-1918) Mr. Rees quite evidently does not feel that he has too much space at his disposal.

Of course the fact is that the first book is merely an excellent outline of the main facts and tendencies of a century of transition from one era to another, though indeed it is to be doubted whether we have yet arrived at the other era or are still in transition. At any rate, being a period of transition, its history is very difficult to write, telling of a period when the old and the new are almost inextricably entangled one with the other. And so Mr. Rees deserves great credit for supplying a clear, brief account which will serve as a guide to anyone wishing to undertake a more thorough study of the period. Mr. Fay has already covered most of the ground in his *Life and Labour in the Nineteenth Century*, but in a much more leisurely and less businesslike way than Mr. Rees. The Hammonds, also, have dealt with the earlier years of the period in laborious detail; but, though the history of the time is not pleasant reading, there is ample room for another book on it. For it is important in the lessons it has to teach, even though, as a recent writer on the subject says, "most of us will sadly conclude that probably no wisdom would have been learnt before the material was at hand to be wasted in the learning." The "material to be wasted" was the happiness of many thousands of men and women of smug Victorian England. And the main burden of Mr. Rees's book is the wasting of this material.

His second book is a much abler and more practically useful one. It is imperative, under present conditions, that the ordinary person should know something about the facts of public finance, and we can hardly think of a better introduction to a study and understanding of the financial position to-day than this volume. The complications of present-day finance dishearten the learner; but if the subject is approached through a study of its gradual growth from comparative simplicity to real complication, the task of comprehension is made much easier. A knowledge of the mentality of such men as Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lowe, and even Lloyd George in regard to questions of revenue and expenditure cannot

fail to be of utility to those who very soon may be possessed of an effective voice in the matter of raising and spending revenue.

The theoretical side of the raising of revenue is admirably dealt with in what we must describe as a remarkably able little book—*Taxation: Yesterday and To-morrow.* Mr. Jones states the conclusions at which experts have arrived after long years of experience and discussion with regard to the scope and method of taxation, and states them in a way that makes them easily intelligible to the non-expert. In addition to the more or less purely theoretical portion of his book, he handles in a refreshingly courageous manner the problem of how England is to free herself from the burden of her war debts. While giving a very impartial exposition of the case for a capital levy, he does not believe that the solution lies in that direction. He would rather see the Chancellor "budget" for ten years ahead and for "a very large annual sum, approaching £2,000,000,000 a year." And he very truly remarks: "Had the war continued a few more years, as much as this, or more, would have been forthcoming, and our national cry would have been—'No price is too high.'" E. J. C.

Fiction.

THE MIRROR IN THE DUSK. By Brinsley MacNamara. Dublin: Maunsel & Roberts. 1921. 8*s.* net.

Mr. MacNamara grows gloomier and gloomier. If he wants to keep his readers he must reconsider his point of view, which is certainly a warped and partial one. If Ballycullen, Garradrimna, Dheel and the rest do not afford one green and sunny spot of human life, then let him go elsewhere. Even his admirers will grow tired of unrelieved gloom, and such pessimism must in the long run destroy Mr. MacNamara's creative impulse. It is a pity about "The Mirror in the Dusk," for it has more beautiful writing in it than Mr. MacNamara's preceding work, and so it is an advance on "Clanking of Chains," as that was on "The Valley of the Squinting Windows." Nor is it violently ugly like the latter book; yet it is not redeemed as the solitary figure of Michael redeemed the "Clanking of Chains," shining so that the ignominious and the bestial only made shadows to his whiteness.

In "The Mirror in the Dusk" there are one or two hapless victims—girls—Andromedas with no Perseus to save them. All the rest of the population of Dheel is mad or bad or degraded. The victims are already as surely immolated as though they were already dead on the altar. Cruelty and greed and debasement have their

own way in Dheel as nowhere else in the world, and the result when all Mr. MacNamara's power and beauty of writing are put into it is entirely unnatural and untrue. I think Mr. MacNamara had it in his mind to create a tragedy of the land—the greed for the land in Ireland. Heaven knows it is a subject for a tragedy. If he could have grouped it about one family it would have been convincing. As it is the land does not appear as an epic force, as he intends it to do ; something shadowy and sinister brooding over the harmless lives and withering them. One closes the book knowing the land to be the beneficent Mother, even if she is the occasion of rapacity and greed. He has not quite risen to the strength of his conception, and that is perhaps because the poet in him must love the fair world of which the land is part, and cry out his passion of delight in the beauty of it.

So far Mr. MacNamara's remarkable gift is lop-sided and askew, because there is no laughter in it. Nowhere in all the world, not in Laputa, could the old men exist of Mr. MacNamara's creation, the wicked, horrible old men, and the debased young ones. At least over and above Michael Dempsey there were two or three great old men in " Clanking of Chains," although one was a drunkard and another mad. But one must absolutely refuse to believe in Dheel. If Mr. MacNamara has no gift of laughter, let him beg, borrow, or pray for one. With that added to his other great gifts his genius would have fair play ; the enormous mote would be out of his eyes ; he would see without squinting, and his undoubtedly great gifts would be a blessing to the country that bore him, and not a bane.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

HILLSIDERS. By Seumas O'Kelly. Dublin : Talbot Press. 1921. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE regretted author of this posthumous volume, Seumas O'Kelly, possessed in a marked degree two gifts which go to make up the successful story-writer. He could write admirable dialogue, and he was an excellent psychologist. These two faculties are well illustrated in *Hillsiders.* We have a gallery of personages, each distinct, unforgettable : we are present when they meet—perhaps with most pleasure (be it confessed) when they clash ; and how they can talk to each other ! There is here no relying upon the devices of local dialect and similar colorations : we forget about such externalities in the sharp play of words and character, of wit, humour and (occasionally) pathos. " Occasionally," for on the whole this volume presents the sunnier side of Irish life. How it relieves one from the memory of certain overcharged pessimisms

that claim to present Irish realities! Everybody in Ireland or out of it will be the better and the brighter for making acquaintance with Kilbeg and its hill-siders: he will also know Ireland better.

G. O'N.

CARMEN CAVANAGH. By Annie M. P. Smithson. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1921. 6*s.* net.

The latest book by Annie M. P. Smithson will give pleasure to the public she has by this time made for herself. In these days few authors aspire to do more. Nearly every writer has a following, which consists of people who read his or her works because they know exactly the class of fare that will be provided for them therein. Those who have derived satisfaction from *Her Irish Heritage* and *By Strange Paths* will hasten to place *Carmen Cavanagh* on their library shelves, or to extract it from their lending libraries. Unhappily, if one's knowledge of the Irish reading public is not at fault, the latter is a more probable contingency. Irish people, taken as a whole, do not buy books.

In *Carmen Cavanagh* we are afforded a glimpse into the hardships experienced by a District Nurse in the remote parts of rural Ireland. The scene chosen is Donegal. We are given, also, a glimpse into the spiritual struggles of a girl whose inclinations lie in one direction while her religious convictions—and even more her upbringing—impel her in another. Carmen Cavanagh, a Catholic, is tempted to a mixed "marriage" with a Protestant *divorcé.* Ultimately the grace of God (manifesting itself in the semi-miraculous way which the author has a partiality for representing) rescues her from danger, and the story closes on the reception of the heroine into the Carmelite Order.

Story is not, perhaps, the most appropriate word by which to describe this book. There is in it but little incident save such as has been outlined. The scenes in which Carmen moves are well and clearly described, and "the interiors" are depicted with a "Dutch" frankness that to some may prove distasteful. Life in a Dublin suburb is also touched on, but not in very convincing fashion. The characters are, moreover, somewhat shadowy. In this respect the present work scarcely reaches the standard set by the author in her previous books. The little child, "Peg o' my Heart," is, in many ways, the most real being in these pages and is drawn, one should imagine, from life. Nevertheless, one gets a little more (and how much it is!) of her than is quite essential.

An entire absence of politics constitutes a distinct difference in *Carmen Cavanagh* from earlier efforts of the same author. There is,

however, the spirit of intense fervent Catholicity with which her readers are already familiar, and the book is marked by that sympathy with Irish life one expects to find, although there is no tendency to gloss over defects in the characters of those inhabitants of "Southern" Ireland who dwell in Donegal. W. D.

History.

GESCHICHTE DER PÄPSTE. Von Ludwig Freiherrn von Pastor. Band vii., Pius IV. (1559-1565); Band viii., Pius V. (1566-1572). Freiburg: Herder. 1920. M. 36 and 62.

With the publication of these two volumes Pastor's great work on the Popes of the Renaissance and Reformation epochs comes within measurable distance of its completion. Notwithstanding the date which the title-pages bear they were in all essentials complete before the outbreak of the War. The horrors and stress of the intervening period have not suspended the researches of our author, and all interested in Papal history will be glad to learn that the remaining portion of the work is already in an advanced stage.

The subject matter of the present volumes may lack the spectacular attractiveness and aesthetic appeal of some of those which preceded them; but from the point of view of the Church it is not less important, as will appear from the mention of some of the problems dealt with. As befits the title, the personalities of the two popes receive ample attention. In many ways strongly contrasted—the more worldly-minded and not altogether immaculate Pius IV. and the last canonized pope with his glowing religious enthusiasm—the two are drawn together and their policies closely related by their work in connection with the Council of Trent. It was under Pius IV. that the Council was reconvened and brought its labours to a close, and that a beginning was made to render its reforming decrees and suggestions effective—and despite the suspicions entertained by many contemporaries of the genuineness of his desire for reform of the Church in head and members, Pastor is able to claim no small portion of the credit for the pope himself, and for his nephew, Charles Borromeo. Under his more steadfast successor the reforming enthusiasm becomes strongly marked and the success of the Council's labours is put beyond question; the work of religious restoration is well launched, the Papacy again, as in the days of Gregory VII., takes its place at the head of the internal movement for reform, and the Church becomes once more a great driving force.

But it was in the teeth of fierce opposition that headway was

made. Nor was this opposition by any means confined to the religious innovators who were now assuming the upper hand in many countries in Europe ; in the bosom of the Church herself threatened interests seem to be almost equally hostile. The Catholic rulers of Spain, France and the Empire permitted political considerations to dictate their attitude to the Papacy, the Council, and the decrees of reform. Whilst protesting their loyalty to the Church it was evident that their aim was to reduce it to a department of the State. They seemed ready enough to tread much of the path along which Henry VIII. had gone. The conception of the Absolute State which was theirs did much to hamper the work of both Pius IV. and Pius V.

All this is fully dealt with, as is also the progress of the Reformation in France, Holland, Scotland—the tragic story of Mary Stuart gets a comparatively large space—and England in the critical early years of Elizabeth. This was also the age of the beginning of the Dutch war of independence and of the outbreaks of the religious wars in France, in which the ambiguous attitude of Catherine de Medici, who was ever ready to subordinate religious to political considerations, caused much uneasiness to the Pope. Pius V. threw himself heart and soul into the struggle against heresy, and had no hesitation in appealing to force to protect the Church from the assaults of the enemy. He was particularly determined to preserve the religious unity of Italy. It was in his reign also that the policy of the Papacy against the Turk, which was never entirely absent from the minds of even the most worldly popes of these non-crusading centuries, was crowned with the great victory of Lepanto.

We have compared the revival that now took place to that so intimately connected with the name of Gregory VII. But there is a striking contrast between the comparatively simple, downright policy of Gregory and the endless diplomatic negotiations into which, with all his single-mindedness, Pius V. had to enter. The circumstances of the Europe of his day probably made a bolder and more definite course impossible. Wrong information, failure to grasp the realities of situations, vain hopes—as in the case of Elizabeth—hesitancy of strong action until the favourable opportunity had passed—for all these not the Papacy but the religious condition of Europe must be held mainly responsible. For example, the struggle against the exaggerated claims of Philip II. over the Church of his dominions dragged on for years, and the various steps in the negotiations seemed to lead no nearer the goal of a satisfactory adjustment.

It cannot be denied, then, that the years which these volumes cover were critical ones in the Church's history. And in treating

of them our author displays again the characteristics with which all readers of his earlier volumes are so familiar. He is the great authority on the history of the Papacy during these centuries ; his work supplies the most reliable and up-to-date information. The painstaking industry of which it is the outcome is almost incredible. Meticulous care, even in matters of very minor detail, is evident in every chapter. Not only has all the recent literature on the subject been consulted, but there is the usual wealth of unpublished sources drawn upon. The Catholic principles of the author are never out of sight when it is a question of passing judgment on events or policies, but this does not interfere with the impartiality with which the facts are presented.

These volumes will perhaps strengthen an impression which readers of their predecessors may have formed, that on the whole Pastor is pre-eminent in the investigation rather than in the presentation of his matter. In respect to the latter there is often a lack of vigour and definiteness. The reader at times runs the risk of getting lost in the tangle of undergrowth, and the author seems overcome by his matter instead of retaining the mastery over it. Hence the picture left in the reader's mind is apt to be somewhat vague in its outlines. This may seem natural enough when we bear in mind the great amount of " spade work " that the author had to accomplish in connection with the years now under discussion.

On the whole, the strength of the work lies in the author's treatment of the characters and policies of the Popes, the work of the Council of Trent and its debates, the religious history of Italy, Germany and Spain. In dealing with other lands he is inclined to make less appeal to the original sources, and the secondary authorities on whom he relies are sometimes of lower value.

Considering the importance for the Church of Ireland's adherence to the faith, the Irish reader may be pardoned if he sees a lack of proportion in the amount of space devoted to his own country—some half a dozen pages out of thirteen hundred. Much of what is merely antiquarian interest might have been sacrificed to find room for a more adequate treatment. The series of articles at present appearing in STUDIES, " An Irish Ambassador at the Spanish Court," reveals an important episode to which Pastor makes only meagre allusion. J. M. O'SULLIVAN.

A PRISONER OF THE REDS. By Francis McCullagh. London : Murray. 1921. 18*s.* net.

OF the many accounts given us as to the state of present-day Russia, this is by far the most important and interesting. Mr. McCullagh

had exceptional opportunities of studying his subject. While serving with the British force in Siberia he was captured by the Bolsheviks. He lived with them for many months in Siberia, and was a prisoner in their jails and detention houses ; afterwards in Moscow he penetrated into the *arcana* of their government, contriving pretexts which took him into the Kremlin, the Foreign Office, the Rosta, *etc.*, and managing to see and speak with Lenin and Trotsky, not by way of interview, but by way of ordinary business ; he lived in greater or less familiarity for long periods together with scores of Reds and Whites, and—most important of all—he spoke the Russian language, an advantage possessed by few of our witnesses as to Russian life.

That the results of his opportunities are recorded with truth and candour is the overwhelming impression left on one's mind after reading his book. He went to Russia, indeed, firmly anti-Bolshevik ; he was not like Bertrand Russell and the Labour Commissioners who went to bless and came away to curse, but all the facts which we have from other reliable authorities, friendly or the reverse, fit in exactly with his evidence, which merely amplifies, confirms and illustrates them and always by personal experience. Moreover, though the verdict to be drawn from his narrative is clear and compelling against the Bolsheviks, the good things to be said for them as well as the evil things—and they are many and very evil—to be said of the Whites are set down with equal frankness.

Reliable, therefore, as the book is, it is also most fascinating. Indeed, as a book of adventure it would rank high. The land it describes is surely as topsy-turvy a wonderland as Swift ever dreamed of, and far more astonishing than any land of pagans or savages ; for unlike these, its society is not a natural growth under adverse conditions, but has been deliberately moulded according to a fantastic dream.

Mr. McCullagh is nowhere more interesting than in his explanation of the phenomenon of 600,000 men (only 6,000 of whom, according to Lenin, are reliable) exercising on 125,000,000 a tyranny as ruthless as Czar ever exercised, and a minuteness of control undreamt of by any Czar as to movements, occupation, association, food, dwelling, education, trading, speech—almost thought. The character and the mentality of these praeter-men, their hatred of religion, their views as to love and family life, the puerility of their ideas as to education, literature, philosophy, art, their craze for the untried, their profound belief in the docility and gullibility of their fellow-men—in a word, their doctrinairism, pushed to the point of stark lunacy, are unbelievable things. But, alas ! they are

too well authenticated to be doubted, and are well described and illustrated by Mr. McCullagh.

And the result. Not of the most war-wasted countries can it be said as it can be said of Russia to-day, that, in the towns at least—and alas ! the famine has made it true of much of the vast country-side also—human happiness is dead. Hardly any Russian but would gladly leave the country if he could. Even the Bolshevik officials going on diplomatic missions abroad must leave their wives and families in Russia as hostages for their return !

Mr. McCullagh's account of the murder of the Czar and his family is the first, and will almost certainly be the only, authentic record of what the future will regard as one of the most terrible crimes in the world's history. L. McK.

THE ENGLISH DOMINICANS. By Bede Jarrett, O.P. London : Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 1921. 18*s.* net.

It was on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady in the year 1221, just 700 years ago, that the Friars Preachers came to Oxford. Quite appropriately, therefore, Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., submits to the reading public the present volume. In a very brief Introduction—less than a dozen lines—he disarms criticism by stating that his book is merely "a cursory survey of English Dominican life," and he suggests that some real student of history, with fuller leisure and ampler opportunity, "should compile a more detailed and more accurate account of the English Province of the Order of St. Dominic." Yet, in all justice it must be conceded that Father Jarrett has produced a most interesting and researchful volume, to which he has added a valuable Appendix, giving a list of English Dominican Provincials, compiled by Father Walter Gumbley, O.P.

Though written in a popular style, it is quite apparent that the learned Provincial has made use of all available authorities. Chapter I., dealing with the early struggles of the Friars Preachers, is most absorbing ; but several interesting details are unaccountably omitted, although accessible in the *Calendar of Liberate Rolls*, 1226-1240, issued in 1917. It would have been better in giving the references to quote the printed Calendars of Patent Rolls (the series of which is now complete from 1216 to 1509), as not many would care to go to the originals in the Public Record Office.

It would seem that the royal patronage extended to the English Dominicans (many of whom got valuable bishoprics in Ireland) was the undoing of the Order at the sad period miscalled the Reformation. Strange as it may appear, the Irish Dominican

Province belonged to England until the year 1484, when Ireland was erected as an independent Province at the General Chapter of that year, with Father Maurice Moral as first Provincial. Quite a pretty story is told by Father Jarrett of a certain Dominican, Friar Faithful Comyn, who turned Puritan preacher, and finally, having captivated Pope Pius V ("even the Pope fell a victim to his charm"), returned to the ancient Faith in the Low Countries. The whole yarn is good reading, and there is a ponderous footnote reference to "British Museum Old MSS. (Clarendon MSS., Cox, XV.) No. 4783, art. 43, fol. 101"—but these MSS. are the concoctions of Robert Ware, the forger; and surely, Fr. Jarrett ought not to have been so easily imposed on, considering that the late Father Bridgett, C.SS.R., in 1890, exposed these "Clarendon MSS." (so called, because purchased by the Earl of Clarendon, in 1686) in his *Blunders and Forgeries*. There is also a bad blunder about Trivet and Wycliffe (p. 96).

Nought concealing, Father Jarrett tells us of the miserable pre-Reformation squabbles in the Order, and of the sad defections of a goodly number of Dominicans, four of whom were rewarded with episcopal honours—namely, Ingworth, Hilsey, Hodgkins, and Scory. He is unduly severe on Father Parsons, S.J., whom he styles "a jealous and narrow ecclesiastical politician, whose assertions by themselves carry no weight at all," *apropos* of two apostate Dominicans.

Wonderful to relate, although the English Province was threatened with extinction in 1570, and again in 1650, and in 1850 (when only six Friars remained in England), a novitiate was established in October, 1850, through the munificence of Mr. Leigh, of Woodchester. Ever since, the Dominicans have been going ahead in England, and recently they have acquired a house at Oxford, which it is hoped will become the centre of a great revival. Father Jarrett is very hopeful of the future of the English Province, "for not in utter nothingness nor in entire forgetfulness, but trailing clouds of glory has it come." W. H. Grattan Flood.

Philosophy.

PSYCHOLOGIE DES MYSTIQUES CATHOLIQUES ORTHODOXES. Par Maxime de Montmorand. Paris: Alcan. 1920. 10 fr.

The *leit-motif* of this very remarkable anti-mystical work may be found in the following phrase: "Avant d'être un ensemble d'affirmations dogmatiques, toute religion est un ensemble d'états affectifs d'un type spécial" (page 5). One of the most difficult

problems in the psychology of mystical experience is the assigning of just values to the cognitive and affective sides of the experience. If we exaggerate the cognitive values, we have not merely intellectual difficulties to solve, but we have a door open to illuminism ; while if we over-value the affective element, we can hardly escape the conclusions of " medical materialism." A purely affective state, if such exists, must in the natural order be purely somatic. St. Ignatius, in his *Rules for the Discernment of Spirits*, seems to recognise the existence of a purely affective state (of consolation), and to regard it as manifestly supernatural ; but M. de Montmorand, having placed himself under the methodical necessity of ignoring the supernatural (though not denying it), is obliged to treat such purely affective states as somatic. He endeavours, however, and with success, to show that such states, although neurotic, are far from morbid, and that the great mystics might be defined as :—

> Des névrosés qui tirent parti de leur névrose, et dont le " génie religieux " coexiste avec elle et independamment d'elle (p. 206) . . . ceux-là qui ont utilisé leur névrose en se l'asservissant. Beaucoup ont fait mieux encore : ils ont réussi à s'en guérir, et, partis du déséquilibrement, à réaliser en eux l'équilibre (p. 204).

M. de Montmorand, to establish his thesis, has made rather effective use of some, I venture to think indiscreet, concessions of certain Jesuit writers (Poulain, Maréchal, L. de Grandmaison, not to mention Fr. Hahn).

To explain mystical experience by reduction to a purely affective state M. de Mortmorand must first clear the ground of certain manifestly cognitive phenomena, visions, locutions, etc. This he does by reducing them to hallucinations of a benign, mild character in no wise derogatory to the sanity of the mystics. This is a veritable *tour de force*. He makes a very striking analogy of these visions and revelations with the " inspiration " of genius in the scientific and artistic orders. Hence even the " intellectual visions " of a Saint Teresa are but products of her own religious genius, although, of course, the possibility of external suggestion is admitted. Now comes the problem how to link up the *clear* intellectual vision with the cognitive element in *obscure* contemplation—two absolutely disparate states, if the present reviewer has not grossly misunderstood St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa. M. de Montmorand makes the transition very neatly : " Ces visions sont *d'abord* intellectuelles ; le sentiment *diffus* que Thérèse avait de la présence divine *se précise et se localise* , elle sent le Sauveur à sa droite, etc." (p. 123). This is an improvement on James's discovery of the mystic properties of nitrous oxide, the condensation of the " Cloud of Unknowing." We thus get rid of the cognitive features as mis-

begotten chimeras, and we are left with the pure affective states to account for ecstacy. This is done with much skill and learning.

We have only been able to glance at the main theme of this very remarkable work, perhaps the most remarkable anti-mystical book that has yet appeared. An adequate critique would need a very long article, for the book covers a very wide field. Although most respectful to Catholicism and to the great mystical Saints, it ruins the supernatural and apologetic values of mystical experience *as such.*

Controversy apart, the book is eminently readable and informative, the analyses and critiques of recent writers on these questions are models of clear exposition and acute criticism. The defence of asceticism in chap. iv. is a notable piece of work, and there is much more in this book with which we can heartily sympathise.

John Howley.

LEIBNIZ ERKENNTNISTHEORETISCHER REALIST. GRUNDLINIEN SEINER ERKENNTNISLEHRE. By Bernhard Jansen, S.J. Berlin: Leonhard Simion. 1920.

Leibniz wrote so much, and his philosophy is so many-sided that it is not surprising that widely different interpretations of him have been taken. One school (Fischer, Stein, Dillmann, etc.) regards his system as primarily metaphysical; another (Russell, Couturat, Cassirer, etc.), as essentially logico-mathematical. Fr. Jansen's work, based on a careful study of the smaller as well as the larger works of Leibniz, aims at setting out the different aspects of his philosophy in their just proportion.

It is shown that Couturat is wrong in saying that Logic is the heart of the system. Rather, Leibniz's Logic agrees in the main with Aristotle and the Scholastics, and so rests on a Realist Metaphysic; and even when he develops a new "ars combinatoria," this is not a merely formal Logic but rests on a metaphysical postulate. It was not logical and epistemological, but physical, metaphysical, and even theological considerations that led Leibniz on to the fundamental views of the Monadology. It is argued at length that his doctrine of being, his view of truth, and his doctrine of axioms are Realist; and the close kinship of his views to those of the Scholastics is brought out.

There is, however, a reverse side to the picture. Leibniz holds that the monad can receive no influences from outside, but develops all its contents from within. He gives a subjective criterion of truth. His view of matter, space and time is phenomenalist. All this seems highly Idealist.

The author has a delicate task in attempting to show that these

views, springing from Leibniz's deeply ingrained Rationalism, do not prevent him from being a Realist. Although some of his arguments have the appearance of special pleading, and although it gives somewhat of a shock to have to admit that two contradictory lines of thought run together in Leibniz, yet one is left with the final impression that the author's views are borne out by the sources, and that he makes a good case. A fuller development of his views in a larger work on Leibniz, which he promises in the preface, will be eagerly welcomed. J. S.

Poetry.

ARROWS. By George Noble Count Plunkett. Dublin: M. H. Gill. 1921. 5*s.* net.

THIS is the aftermath of a poet's life, and the poet might say with Rabbi Ben Ezra :—

> Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life for which the first was made.

Count Plunkett has, I think, been too diffident of his gift. Long ago in *Hibernia*, the review he edited, for which the readers in Dublin of the Eighties were few and fit, there appeared a series of felicitous and musical love-lyrics without a signature. They were Count Plunkett's. I do not know if he ever claimed them, but they found a place in the memory of one reader for all the years. It is no small tribute to keep a lyric on one's tongue for more than thirty years. The clear flowing diction and the melody helped doubtless. Here it is—a poignant contrast to the graver, mystical, and noble numbers of the new book from a heart which has been pierced by arrows like St. Sebastian, and like him has known the salve :—

COMING.

Here where a sea of iris sweeps
  In tremulous circles swelling,
Rippled with joy as from the deeps
  A fount of light were welling.
Here from your home i' the setting sun,
  Clothed in its glow, sweet rover,
Come, ere the day's glad vision's gone,
  And bless your faithful lover.

The changeless, calm, ascetic heights
  Are crowned with tender haloes,
The bold rocks burn with amber lights
  Above the lapping shallows.
The olive takes a happier hue
  Under the pinewood's cover,
And cloud-boats, moored in waveless blue,
  Are waiting with your lover.

O, what avail the purple hill
The nymph and faun are haunting,
That great souls tread the wild shore still,
If you should yet be waning!
The graces dwelling in flower and tree
For love's eyes to discover,
Full of their smiling mystery,
Are waiting with your lover.

Come, O my own, my only dear!
Yet haply if I meet you,
Love on my cold lips, white as fear,
Shall lack true words to greet you.
You come! O, see yon brood of doves
Over you wheel and hover!
Clasp them, and think: These simple loves
Fly from his heart, my lover.

Such lyrics as this, admirable in accomplishment, had no successors, or few successors in later years, as though the singer held that his love songs were for his youth—but the stress and passion of these last years have unsealed the founts. They have touched the silent lips to poetry. Here are two strains—God and Ireland, sometimes single, oftener intermingled. In a sense such poetry, like the prose of Daniel Corkery, bears witness for Sinn Fein. That the singer of these noble numbers should be of the movement is eloquent. *Arrows* establishes Count Plunkett among the Irish poets. Something certainly of him will remain when contemporary judgment is set at naught by the wisdom of the years. "The Shining Woman" will keep his place in the Irish anthologies with the grave love-poems of a secured happiness. I quote "Pax Animae" because, reading it in the days following 1916, I kept it in my heart:—

Peace said: I will seek a valley of waters running
Under a sheer hill,
And nest-full trees; my heart with the roses sunning
As sweet, as still.

A storm of wrath swept down on the gentle river
And honied glade.
A blast from hell hath the home of rest for ever
A desert made.

Ah where, moans Peace, may I preach to men my evangel,
War being conqueror?
They shall find thee—from the shadow answered the angel—
On the breast of War.

Surely for this poet the best was yet to be, and out of the strong pain he has brought forth sweetness. KATHARINE TYNAN.

Studies in Literature.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE VOCABULARY OF OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By Albert Keiser. Parts I. and II. Urbana: University of Illinois. 1919. $1.50.

MANY American Universities are generous in their appropriations towards the publication of work done by their alumni. The result naturally is that a great number of degree-theses and the like comes before the public and is not invariably worthy of public attention. But while judicious selection and exclusion should always be a matter of concern to University authorities, it seems to us that the generous excess of these American boards is greatly preferable to the simply repressing policy which is more familiar over here—which, in fact, is the rule of our National University. It seems an extraordinary thing that year by year students should qualify, often brilliantly, for their degree of Master of Arts, and that the first-fruits of their brains should, as far as their *Alma Mater* is concerned, be allowed to retire into dusty corners and oblivion; that real additions to knowledge, suggestive speculations and original views should thus be lost to sight and utility; that the undoubted poverty of the University should be allowed to pinch uniformly at this point—a point where scholarship and students are both directly hurt, and with them the usefulness and fame of the University.

These reflections naturally arise on seeing the substantial pieces of writing and printing which the University of Illinois turns out from time to time, and a specimen of which now lies before us. Its publication will have been a benefit to its student-author and to students of Old English in general. It does credit to the University which has fostered and produced it, and whose good name will gain in proportion to its diffusion.

Though not wholly escaping the perils associated with this kind of work—its tabulations, its scissors and paste—the author has decidedly not missed his vantage points. Like the Old English literature with which it deals, this study of their vocabulary has an interest which goes beyond the merely linguistic. In studying the gradual colouring of the erstwhile pagan poetry of Anglo-Saxon England by a vocabulary drawn from Christianity we are brought nearer to the realities of the great conquests achieved among the pirate-colonists by the monks of Gregory and Columba. Mr. Keiser's execution of his task seems to have been both painstaking and intelligent; nor is he deficient in the rather wide range of general knowledge which his subject requires. On p. 22 occurs some uncalled-for and ill-judged polemic: we cannot say we have noticed any other lapses into the same fault. G. O'N.

YSOPET-AVIONNET : The Latin and French Texts. Edited by Kenneth McKenzie and William A. Oldfather.

M. TULLI CICERONIS DE DIVINATIONE LIBER PRIMUS. With Commentary by A. S. Pease. Parts I. & II.

Urbana : University of Illinois. 1919-1920. $1.50 each.

The Illinois University Publications, grouped under the three main headings of Language and Literature, Biology and Social Sciences, are a valuable index to the high level of American post-graduate work, and to the enterprise of the university authorities in providing opportunities for cheap and regular publication. The Studies in Language and Literature, with which alone we have to deal here, "are designed to include monographs in general linguistics and comparative literature ; the classical languages and Sanskrit ; the Romance languages ; and English, the Scandinavian and other Germanic languages. The title of the series will be so construed as to admit the publication of such researches in the history of culture as may throw light on the processes of language and the interpretation of literature."

Ysopet-Avionnet (whose quaint title is due to Roberts, the first publisher of the French text) is a collection of Latin Fables, with an accompanying 14th century French translation. Sixty-four of these are from a collection which, in the Middle Ages, passed under the name of Aesop (Ysopet), but is now, since Hervieux' researches, generally ascribed to Walter of England. They date from the 12th century, and are little more than a versified adaptation of a Latin prose version of a certain Romulus, who in turn based his work on the Fables of Phaedrus. The remaining Fables, eighteen in number, are from the famous Avianus (Avionnet) collection. Composed probably about 400 A.D. by Avianus, the friend of Theodosius (more probably Theodosius Macrobius, and not the Emperor), they are based on a Latin prose paraphrase of Babrius, which Avianus, with the aid of Virgilian and Ovidian diction, threw into verse-form (the inappropriate elegiac couplet). These Fables of Avianus enjoyed extraordinary vogue in the Middle Ages, partly, no doubt, owing to the educational rôle they played, first in the literary renascence of the Carolingian period, and thence onward to the end of the 15th century.

A curious and interesting feature of the MSS. is the series of illustrations which precede in each case the text of the Latin Fable. They not infrequently confirm doubtful readings in the text, and are a valuable index to the customs and dress of the period.

The present edition gives us a reliable and accessible text, which will be welcomed by students of the cultural history of the

Middle Ages. They will find in it many interesting sidelights on the level of education of those " dark ages."

Mr. Pease's Commentary in two parts on Cicero's first book of " de Divinatione " is included in the Language and Literature Series by reason of the wide appeal of its subject matter to students of religious, philosophical, literary and political problems. Besides, there is no modern Commentary on this work of any considerable scope. The text is that of Müller's in the *Teubner* Cicero (1878), Plasberg's expected recension being as yet unavailable. The commentary is very full and erudite. Ancient authorities are cited in full to clear up in their own words difficulties arising from the text ; and literary references and parallels are given on a truly generous scale. Mr. Pease's work is a mine of information for the student of ancient Roman and Greek religion. We look forward to the second volume containing the text and Commentary on Book II., an appendix on the MSS. and editions of the work, and a full index. J. J. C.

Miscellaneous.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL THOUGHT AND LEARNING. By Reginald Lane Poole. Second Edition, revised. London : S.P.C.K. 1920. Pages 327. Price 17*s.* 6*d.* net.

After the lapse of thirty-six years Mr. Lane Poole has fortunately been induced to re-issue his greatly appreciated work on medieval philosophy and politics, which has been long out of print. Beyond the insertion of a few notes and references there is practically no change in the book. Indeed for a youthful *Erstlingswerk* there is surprisingly little to be altered. We might doubtless have had references to more accessible editions and to recent literature. Even an historical scholar of Dr. Lane Poole's eminence cannot hope to be abreast of the flowing tide of scholastic and medieval literature. Sound and well-considered as are his views on John Scottus and Abailard, there has been a great deal of fresh light thrown on these and other outstanding figures of Scholasticism since the early eighties. But certain minutiæ of scholarship apart, these Illustrations of Medieval Thought and Learning have a permanent value as first-hand studies of certain phases of Scholasticism. Claudius of Turin, Agobard of Lyons, Eriugena, William of Conches, Gilbert de La Porrée, Abailard, John of Salisbury, Marsiglio of Padua, William of Ockham, and Wycliffe are all studied with reference to their ecclesiastico-political views and general influence.

In spite of his careful scholarship, Mr. Lane Poole is at no pains

to conceal his anti-Catholic bias; his ludicrous characterisation of Wycliffe as "the father of modern Christianity" is a typical example. Hence also the author is led into giving quite an inaccurate view of the earlier, not to mention the later, political and ecclesiastical views of Catholic medieval thinkers. This is attained by concentrating on extremist writers such as Augustinus Triumphus and neglecting entirely Jonas, Hincmar, the Frankish Capitularies, and especially the Jurists. Everything is either Hildebrandine or modern-Christian. Dichotomies are dangerous, even in illustrating medieval thought. A. O'R.

INDUSTRIAL FATIGUE AND EFFICIENCY. By H. M. Vernon, M.A., M.D. London: Routledge. 1921. 12s. 6d. net.

THIS book is mainly a record of extensive and painstaking investigations of practically all the conditions which affect or may be expected to affect industrial efficiency. The investigations were conducted through the medium of statistical analysis. The laboratory method, although very successful in certain branches of efficiency study, did not appear suitable or practicable for the purposes of the author. The title is altogether inadequate and indeed misleading. The phenomenon of industrial fatigue is examined as to its nature, origin, and effect on industrial efficiency. As far as it goes this portion of the work is satisfactorily done, and contains some interesting conclusions well worthy of the serious consideration, not only of industrial managers, but indeed of everyone who is interested in the problems of efficient industrial organisation.

But there is much more. The investigations are extended to such questions as overtime, lost time, limitation of output, accidents, factory conditions, etc. It is true that all these matters are closely connected with Fatigue investigations, since the cause and effects of Fatigue cannot be adequately appreciated without taking them into account. Yet if they are brought into a study of Fatigue, it would be natural to expect that their connection with Fatigue either as causes or effects would be made clear. But this has not been done. What we have is so many distinct statistical studies in all these different conditions of industrial organisation.

But perhaps this should not be set down as a fault. Without in any way wishing to detract from the importance of such studies as fatigue, nervous strain, etc., it may be said that of much more immediate importance and general application is a series of well established conclusions on conditions and hours of work, work spells and rest periods, etc. Conclusions of this kind we find in this book, and although they have not been shown to have any essential

connection with Fatigue, they may be of even greater value on their own account. Unfortunately, however, the investigations do not appear to have been adequately carried out even in these isolated spheres. So much is evident from the tone of hesitancy with which the conclusions are set forth. The author himself is evidently conscious that his conclusions are in great part tentative rather than final, and that they will be found useful rather as general suggestions than as definite established principles.

One cannot help noting the contrast between the great array of elaborate statistics examined with almost endless care and patience and the comparatively few halting conclusions deduced therefrom. I do not suggest that the statistics investigated are not in themselves necessary and useful and even worthy of being recorded in permanent book form; but their use is not for the general public or even for practical industrial managers, but for the information and guidance of other investigators in the same field. It is to be hoped that Dr. Vernon or some one else will continue the excellent work here recorded. When these statistics have been further extended and more accurately interpreted, it will be possible to present to the industrial managers and the public generally many valuable conclusions the significance of which can be set forth in an intelligible form without the aid of formidable statistical tables and without the consequent danger of frightening away all who are not trained statisticians themselves. J. K.

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